THE CHURCH SCHOOL

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THE EDITORS' OUTLOOK

READERS of THE CHURCH SCHOOL should be among the first to be advised concerning plans for the future of the magazine. The first number of THE CHURCH SCHOOL appeared in October, 1919, almost five years ago. In September of this year the magazine will, therefore, complete its fifth volume. At the beginning it was issued under the joint auspices of three denominations: Congregational, Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal, South. With the beginning of the third volume the group of denominations was enlarged to include in addition the Reformed Church in the United States and the Christian Board of Publication (Disciples of Christ).

The editors and publishers uniting in the production of THE CHURCH SCHOOL did so in the belief that a national journal of Christian education is a practical ideal and that such a journal is essential to the promulgation of a national program of Christian education under the cooperative supervision of the Protestant Evangelical Churches. They believe that the publication of THE CHURCH SCHOOL has made for Christian solidarity and for effective leadership in the advancement of the kingdom through Christian teaching as no individual publication serving a single denomination could do. It has thus been one of the forces preparing the way for a still greater publication enterprise concerning which announcement may now be made.

The editors and publishers of THE CHURCH SCHOOL have taken an active interest in the formulation of the plans for the early launching of the *International Journal of Religious Education* under the general auspices of the International Council of Religious Education and rejoice in the completion of plans looking to the publication of such a journal in the very near future. In the successful inauguration and conduct of this new enterprise the original ideal and purpose of THE CHURCH SCHOOL as a great interdenominational magazine of Christian education will find its more complete fulfillment. Details concerning this larger enterprise will be published in subsequent issues of THE CHURCH SCHOOL. The initial number of the new magazine will appear in October, 1924.

FROM Japan comes the very encouraging news that the public primary schools of Tokio, the capital city, are to cooperate with the Christian forces represented by the Japanese National Sunday School Association in inaugurating a system of Christian weekday teaching. On two days of each week the public primary schools of Tokio are to be open for such instruction under Christian auspices. No greater single opportunity for service to the childhood and youth of the Japanese people has ever presented itself. Upon the success of the experiment may well depend the attitude of the public-school officials in other parts of the Empire. Much credit for this arrangement is due to Mr. H. E. Coleman, Secretary of the National Sunday School Association, whose comment is characteristically modest. "It is really wonderful and beyond my fondest dreams for the present. Pray for us."

ONE very serious loss sustained by the Christian educational forces of Japan through the recent earthquake and fire was the complete destruction of all Sunday-school lesson helps, including plates and manuscripts of courses in process of preparation. A few years ago a special committee representing different missions and independent Japanese denominations prepared a new course of graded lessons for Japanese Sunday schools. Six years of teachers' helps had been completed up to the summer of last year. It was the plan to get out the material for three additional years by April, 1924. Much of the manuscript was in hand, together with a considerable stock of the earlier texts. All of this material, including plates and printing house, were destroyed in the fire.

With characteristic courage and determination, the Sunday-school workers of Japan have addressed themselves to the Herculean task of promptly reproducing and completing the lesson system so successfully launched and unfortunately destroyed. This splendid piece of cooperative effort on the part of native and missionary workers deserves the fullest cooperation of the Sunday-school forces of America. And cooperation in this case means financial assistance to make possible the completion of the work already so well in hand.

In the May issue of THE CHURCH SCHOOL the interested reader will find a fuller statement by Mr. H. E. Coleman, National Sunday School Secretary for Japan, in an article entitled *Children and the Earthquake in Japan.*

FIFTY thousand enthusiastic citizens, recruited from every section of the state, all working in a close cooperation with various agencies for better school conditions and community improvement, now compose "The Cooperative Education Association of Virginia," described in a recent bulletin of National Bureau of Education at Washington. This vigorous organization has for its basic principle a larger, nobler, and better type of citizenship. It crystallizes public sentiment for better schools, better health, better highways, and improved home and farm conditions. Its work is carried on largely through community leagues. These leagues have county federations, and the district organizations are made up of counties. The school boys and girls are organized into junior community leagues which train the children through service to their school and neighborhood during school days to meet the opportunities and responsibilities of full citizenship which will be theirs later as men and women.

The association was the first agency in the state to raise its voice in the interest of compulsory education. The farm demonstration work was brought to Virginia through the efforts of the association, as was the first State Rural Life Conference ever held south of the Potomac River. The awakening of community life in Virginia, according to the bulletin, has so taken hold of the people that it is impossible to overestimate the value of this association as a material and spiritual asset to the commonwealth.

KINDERGARTEN teachers from many countries will discuss the relation of the kindergarten to the primary grades at the annual meeting of the International Kindergarten Union, which will be held at Minneapolis, May 5-9. That the kindergarten should be the first school grade and not a separate unit will be emphasized at this meeting. On the afternoon of May 7, the kindergarten teachers will have the opportunity to attend the national conference on home education conducted by the United States Commissioner of Education.

TO work out a practical plan of cooperation in making education available to all the people in their homes, the United States Commissioner of Education has called a national conference on home education to be held on May 7 at the University of Minnesota in conjunction with the annual meeting of the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations. Directors of extension education in universities, librarians, leaders in parent-teacher association work, and others concerned with home education are invited to this Conference.

PRESBYTERIAN and Methodist church authorities in Montana have combined for the purpose of founding a Protestant college of standard grade, and other denominations may join with these two. According to the secretary of the board of education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the small population of any one denomination in Montana will not be able for many years to maintain a standard college in the state. Thirty years ago before standards for colleges were well fixed by associations and other agencies and before the cost of operating an educational institution had risen to its present height, a small denominational college could be maintained easily. Now, a college with 300 students requires an endowment of more than $1,000,000 exclusive of debt and annuity obligations. It is obvious that no Protestant denomination in Montana can finance such an institution alone, says the secretary, and for this reason the combination of several denominations is desirable.

CHILDREN of northern Newfoundland and Labrador are growing up in unwholesome surroundings, with deficient diet, little fresh air, few educational advantages, and much hard work, says Evelyn C. Schmidt in the January number of *School Life,* published by the United States Bureau of Education. The water supply is poor and the houses have no drainage. Without milk, vegetables, fruit, or cereals, many of the children suffer from diseases caused by deficiency of diet, such as scurvy, beri-beri, and rickets; many have tuberculosis.

Education is a serious problem because of the denominational system of schools. In a small settlement there may be families with children of school age belonging to two or three different churches—Methodist, Anglican, Roman Catholic—or to the Salvation Army, each faction trying to maintain a school of its own. If that is financially impossible, and it usually is, the community has no school at all. The inevitable result is that the white population of the coast is largely illiterate. Missionaries have done good work in teaching the Eskimos, and Doctor Grenfell has added to his medical staff summer workers who teach children a little school work and some simple rules of health.

IS there a "Youth Movement" in the United States? That is, is there such a determined awakening of American young people as the term "Youth Movement" signifies in Europe at the present time? The answer is, yes and no; mostly no. There is great fear of change and little daring to face squarely a social, religious, or even civic problem. Many organizations, groups, and individuals are handling our young people in one way or another. Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts; Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.; Ku Klux Klan and commercial interests pushing, pulling, molding the mass of damp clay. Spontaneity is limited to bold, scattered individuals. Our youth is not "in motion."

Yet there are signs of a beginning. They are most evident among college students, who for the past three years have been showing increased symptoms of dissatisfaction with the education offered to them. Within these three years America has seen the birth of some seven or eight individual journals of opinion; it has seen the formation of several small student religious groups; it has felt just the suggestion of greater student interest in labor and international relations; and it has witnessed the formation and early struggle of The National Student Forum. At present the Forum is the largest and most extensive spontaneous youth manifestation in the United States. It is an organization of students (under student control) who have an intense, open-minded interest in our civilization. Its aim is to make education a vital experience in American student lives and to cultivate the critically constructive, inquiring mind in the soil of intellectual honesty. A number of criticisms have been directed to the Youth Movement during recent months, but it appears that little effort has been made hitherto to understand its aims and purposes.

CHURCH SCHOOL readers are always interested to know in advance the kind of material which is to be published in future numbers of the magazine. Those who are planning for the work of the daily vacation Bible schools to be conducted during the coming summer will be glad to know that the May number will be devoted largely to this subject. There will be general articles by Mr. Thomas S. Evans, Secretary of the International Association of Daily Vacation Bible Schools, a résumé and forecast for vacation schools, denominational plans and courses of study issued by the denominations, as well as a number of specific and concrete articles which will be helpful in planning the work for the summer.

As in former years the June number of THE CHURCH SCHOOL will carry a list of summer training schools and conferences, including places and dates. These conferences will be listed by states so that it will not be difficult for those interested to select the schools nearest their home towns. There will also be general articles with attractive illustrations telling of some of the distinctive features of these institutes. If churches are planning to send some of their young people to summer conferences, a copy of the June CHURCH SCHOOL placed in their hands will be an incentive and inspiration.

THE REASONABLENESS OF FAITH IN IMMORTALITY

"I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway or open street—
That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above.
And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more—they only miss
The winning of the final bliss
Who will not count it true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move."

—*R. C. Trench*

IN its springtime revival nature symbolizes the Christian hope and the triumph of the Resurrection. In unfolding blade and leaf, in bursting seed and bud, in returning life and verdure, the thoughtful disciple of Christ finds cause for meditation upon the reasonableness of immortality and upon the influence of an abiding faith in it.

"Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

We do not understand nature's revival. We accept it as a periodical phenomenon of life in multiple forms on its lower ranges. It registers the triumph of the life principle in plants and insects over the adverse influences of a rigorous winter.

In his *Flower in the Crannied Wall,* Tennyson expresses the sense of profound mystery in common things. Could we but know what the little flower really is, "root and all, and all and all," we should "know what God and man is." If we really understood the mysterious forces that are at work in the springtime renewal of life and how the bleak drab world is suddenly transformed into a blaze of color and a chorus of song, we should not stumble so at the thought of life beyond the grave.

TO the believing disciple who sees in Jesus a revelation of the character and the love of God, the manifestations which men call miracles seem only a fitting accompaniment of the divine-human life which Jesus lived. To such it seems only natural, even in the light of a better understanding of the immutable character of nature's laws, that the divine energy indwelling in the Christ-life should overflow and break through the limitations of his human personality in deeds and experiences transcending the restricted powers of human comprehension. And in the greater miracle of human redemption a final triumph over death would seem to be a reasonable culmination for the life of Christ in which were revealed to men the character and the charm of the life eternal.

To the twentieth century Christian the past fifty years of earnest inquiry after the origins of life, and the better understanding of the laws and principles of life's gradual unfolding in the individual and in the race, have brought a better understanding, a new and larger appreciation of the dignity and worth of human character. They have brought a more abiding faith in the higher purposes of God for the preservation and final perfecting of personality. Ours is a faith in the future goal commensurate with the long process of human development in the individual and in the race, by means of which maturity of Christian character is being achieved. And that higher goal, that "one increasing purpose" which through the ages runs, demands for its realization the survival of the individual in a larger, fuller life than that in which we now live.

THE Christian faith in the survival of individual men and in a future life is justified by its influence upon human conduct. Men who believe in an endless life do not live just as they would without this belief. Work done with the thought of the future in mind is done better than that which is influenced only by a consideration of present expediency. One cannot render any large permanent service to his own generation without a clear insight into the effects of that service on future generations. So also this present life, in its total outreach and meaning, must ever be a preparation for that higher, larger life which is to come; and this forward look beyond the narrow limits of the time and place in which our life on earth is lived has in turn an ennobling influence upon character and conduct here and now.

LET us be grateful for the intimations of the life that is to be. In nature all about us we may read its prophecy. God's Word bears testimony to its reality and to its transcendent glory. Our faith in Christ is built on, and in turn strengthens, our belief in immortality. With Tennyson, in the open meditation of *In Memoriam,* we pray:

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

. . . . . .

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

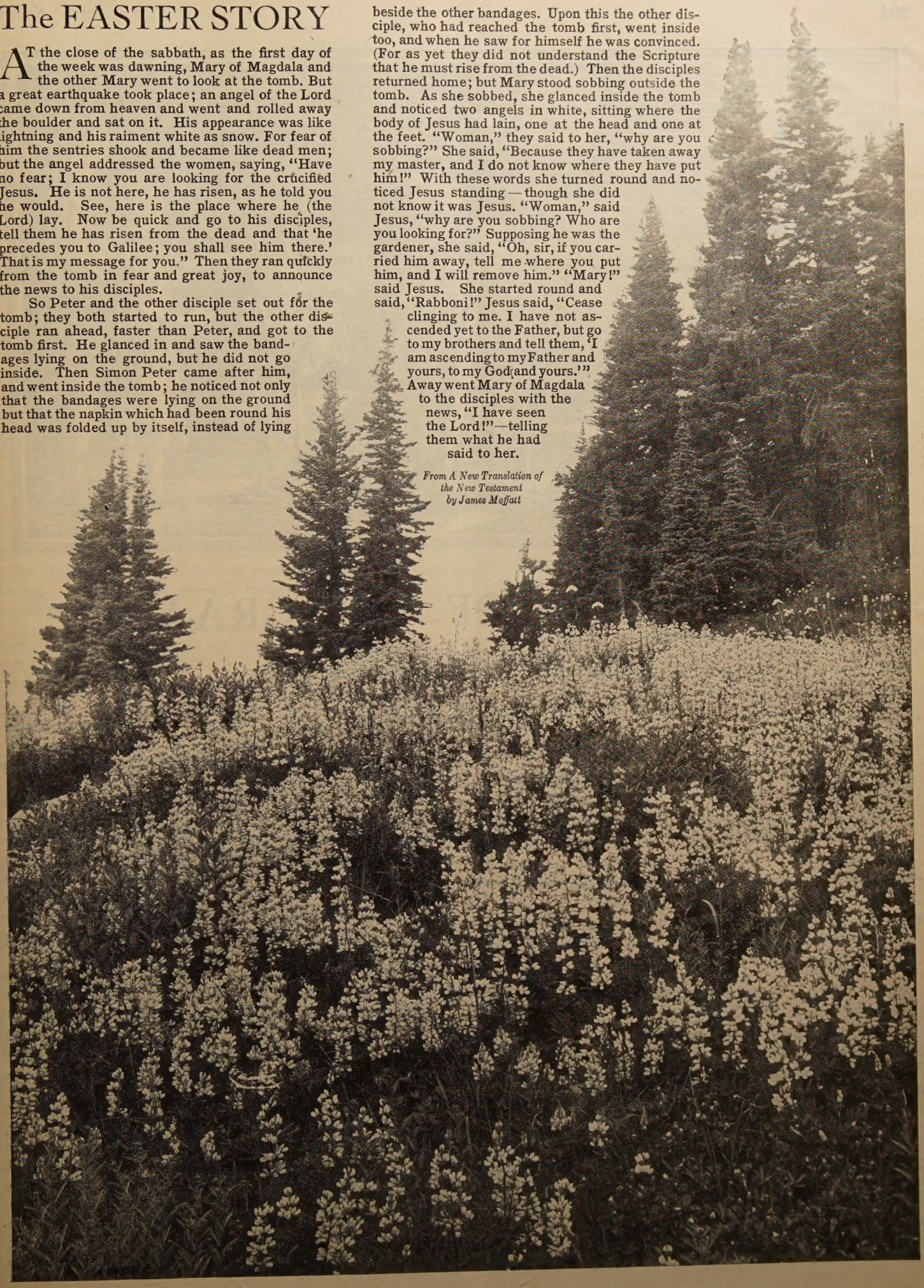
HENRY H. MEYER.

The EASTER STORY

AT the close of the sabbath, as the first day of the week was dawning, Mary of Magdala and the other Mary went to look at the tomb. But a great earthquake took place; an angel of the Lord came down from heaven and went and rolled away the boulder and sat on it. His appearance was like lightning and his raiment white as snow. For fear of him the sentries shook and became like dead men; but the angel addressed the women, saying, "Have no fear; I know you are looking for the crucified Jesus. He is not here, he has risen, as he told you he would. See, here is the place where he (the Lord) lay. Now be quick and go to his disciples, tell them he has risen from the dead and that 'he precedes you to Galilee; you shall see him there.' That is my message for you." Then they ran quickly from the tomb in fear and great joy, to announce the news to his disciples.

So Peter and the other disciple set out for the tomb; they both started to run, but the other disciple ran ahead, faster than Peter, and got to the tomb first. He glanced in and saw the bandages lying on the ground, but he did not go inside. Then Simon Peter came after him, and went inside the tomb; he noticed not only that the bandages were lying on the ground but that the napkin which had been round his head was folded up by itself, instead of lying beside the other bandages. Upon this the other disciple, who had reached the tomb first, went inside too, and when he saw for himself he was convinced. (For as yet they did not understand the Scripture that he must rise from the dead.) Then the disciples returned home; but Mary stood sobbing outside the tomb. As she sobbed, she glanced inside the tomb and noticed two angels in white, sitting where the body of Jesus had lain, one at the head and one at the feet. "Woman," they said to her, "why are you sobbing?" She said, "Because they have taken away my master, and I do not know where they have put him!" With these words she turned round and noticed Jesus standing — though she did not know it was Jesus. "Woman," said Jesus, "why are you sobbing? Who are you looking for?" Supposing he was the gardener, she said, "Oh, sir, if you carried him away, tell me where you put him, and I will remove him." "Mary!" said Jesus. She started round and said, "Rabboni!" Jesus said, "Cease clinging to me. I have not ascended yet to the Father, but go to my brothers and tell them, 'I am ascending to my Father and yours, to my God and yours.'" Away went Mary of Magdala to the disciples with the news, "I have seen the Lord!"—telling them what he had said to her.

From A New Translation of the New Testament by James Moffatt



A LEGEND OF THE GRAAL

To be Played at Eastertime

By Douglas Horton

A LEGEND of the Graal has been arranged so that it may be read as a story or acted as a play. Note that the lines in italics indicate the action, but should be read if the Legend is used as a story.

THE place was the Chapel of the Graal in the deep greenwood. The time was one Easter Even in the bygone age of chivalry. The persons were:

Three Children
A Villein
An Anchoress
A Squire

Now you must know that before a squire was admitted into the rank of knighthood a night watch was held by him in some gloomy chapel aisle where he gave himself up to solemn meditation upon the duties he was to assume.

It was twilight, but the altar at the east end of the Chapel in the center was still visible in bold relief amid its dim surroundings. The poverty of its furnishings was only too evident; upon it stood two tapers of yellowed wax in brazen holders and beside it, on one of the steps, a chalice. Majestic strains from an unseen organ, pervasive, yet strangely remote, seemed to mingle with the departing light, gently softening into silence as the day faded.

Presently an old anchoress entered, a tottering but kindly crone, upon whom, both in body and mind, her many years of penance had done their work. The flickering lamp which she carried in her hand revealed the white, wrinkled face. She moved slowly toward the altar, set her lamp before it, and kneeled there, telling her beads in silence. When presently her mutterings began to grow distinct, they were in the manner of one who dreams, and were spoken with long pauses.

The Anchoress: Miserere . . . miserere . . . miserere mei . . . according to thy mercy, O Lord . . . take me home, O Lord . . . this old soul is weary . . . but faithful, O Lord . . . thou knowest . . . faithful and weary . . . weary and faithful . . . weary with waiting, and lonely . . . alone . . . alone . . . have mercy . . . mercy. . .

The words melted into low musing syllables. After a period she arose and began slowly to dust off the altar. She removed one of the tapers reverently, letting it lie upon the altar while she burnished its holder. Her work was done with the deliberateness of old age. When the holder was brightened and replaced and the candle carefully adjusted, she removed the other candle, laid it carefully upon the altar, and set to work on the other holder. Suddenly, in the midst of her task, she dropped back upon her knees once more.

The Anchoress: Easter . . . when the angels came . . . thou wast not there . . . thou hadst risen . . . risen from the dead . . . in glory . . . Christ have mercy on us . . . Christ come for us . . . God rest us all . . . his lonely ones . . . and we are far from home . . . God help us all. . .

Now a young Squire entered, armed cap-a-pie, a long crimson cloak thrown about his shoulders. The Anchoress looked up, startled. The man, removing his helmet, regarded her with curiosity.

The Squire: What is this? Some one from the village? Some one going to the village, likelier. Praying! There is naught to pray for here, woman. This chapel has been empty these five and twenty years. Say your prayers at the Castle gate tomorrow: They give doles on Easter Day. You will fare better there than here.

The Anchoress: There is much to pray for here, sir, did we only know.

The Squire: Aye, but at the Castle they will give you bread, real bread, if you ask—and you will see a play, to boot. It is a heyday. The priests act out the stories Christ and the angels taught them. Sometimes there are miracles. . .

The Anchoress: I pray for miracles.

The Squire: And there will be a knighting, too.

The Anchoress: I like the knights. I do not see them often. I live too deep in the greenwood.

The Squire: Oh, I know you now—Annie Live-in-the-Woods. I might have guessed before. I have heard of you since boyhood.

The Anchoress: Yes, Anne, old Anne.

The Squire: But what do you in this holy place on Easter Eve?

The Anchoress: Easter Eve and other eves are alike to me. When the day is spent, I take my stick and come to evening prayer.

The Squire: Here, in the Chapel?

The Anchoress (*nodded her head*): Every evening—sunset or storm. I keep the altar seemly. (*She held the candlestick out for his approval.*) I keep these bright.

The Squire: So this is your chapel?

The Anchoress (*She put the holder on the altar step*): This is the Chapel of the Holy Graal. I come here and watch.

The Squire: I am to watch tonight.

The Anchoress *was drifting slowly into reverie:* I watch and watch. Never a day without watching.

The Squire: Well, Annie, your watch for today is done.

The Anchoress *did not hear him:* But he has given his promise, and I am faithful. (*She bowed her head.*) Faithful . . . and waiting.

The Squire *tried to be patient with the poor broken-witted soul:* Your prayers are surely prayed out for today.

The Anchoress *pursued her own thought:* Ah, yes, I have his secret.

The Squire: Whose secret?

The Anchoress: Christ's.

The Squire: What secret?

The Anchoress' *voice was low and intense:* A lovely secret.

The Squire *was partly amused, partly curious:* What a tale is this?

The Anchoress' *utterances were lifting her by degrees into a transport of emotion:* Do you know the Graal?

The Squire: Know it? I have heard the story.

The Anchoress: Ah—you know the secret?

The Squire: I know the Graal carries the blood of Christ.

The Anchoress: Ay, there is life in it. His life is in it!—overflowing life—heavenly life. I shall see it!

The Squire: You?

The Anchoress: It is our secret. I shall see the Graal and enter heaven. I shall see it when he comes to take me home. (*She spoke in quiet ecstasy.*) And he shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. No sorrow, no crying, no pain. No loneliness. No night there. No light of sun nor candle, for the Graal gives light, shining forever and forever. . . . Lord, have mercy on us.

The Squire *mechanically murmured the response:* Christ, have mercy on us.

The Anchoress: The Holy Graal must light me into heaven.

The Squire: The Holy Graal—but who has ever seen the Holy Graal? It is a will o' the wisp, mother. (*And he took up the lamp.*) Now here—now there—never really anywhere. Do not put your trust in that.

The Anchoress: He will bring it. (*She looked toward heaven.*) He will show it me and take me home. There will be music and dancing and joy and—Easter, and the light of Easter. The glory of the Graal shall lighten it.

The Squire *with the lamp turned and lighted other lamps set in a row before the altar but at some distance from it:* Well, woman, have done with your visions. I am glad there is oil in these lamps. I must keep a vigil here tonight. But do not put your trust in the Graal. They say some have seen it. They say the pure-hearted have seen it. They say you see it when you do a kind deed, but I have never seen it.

The Anchoress: Yes, only the pure-hearted shall see it. You must be pure. Pure. Through and through.

The Squire: Well, I doubt not I am as pure as most, but I have never laid eye on it. I have done kind deeds enough. What will you more? But I have never seen it.

The Anchoress: Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

The Squire *returned the lamp to the altar:* Good—let them be blessed, but if I am to begin my orisons, you must be off to your retreat in the woods. Where is the holy water?

The Anchoress: At the door as you come in. In the font.

The Squire: There is none there.

The Anchoress *rose to her feet:* What, all gone? That is strange—I filled it only yestere'en!

The Squire: There is none there now: I looked when I came in.

The Anchoress *started toward the door:* I never let it run out before. Easter Eve, too! I will be punished for this. And the nearest water is the stream through the woods at the foot of the hill. And there is no holy man to bless it.

The Squire: Your blessing would be good enough for me. But we will be happy without the water. Begone to your night's rest.

The Anchoress: No, no, I get the water gladly, sir. But it is a long way, you know, and I do not trip it as lightly as I used.

The Squire: I do not need the water, but go, if you must, for your own conscience' sake. I await you.

The Anchoress: I will not tarry, be sure.

The Squire: A saint you are, and here is a cup for you. (*And he took the chalice from the step of the altar and handed it to her.*)

The Anchoress: Ay, that is what I always use.

So the Squire lighted her out of the Chapel with one of the lamps and returned. The lamp he put back in its place; and then began slowly to pace to and fro before the altar.

The Squire: Poor old granny! Nothing to do but pray and fast—fast and pray. No wonder she sees visions. All life long . . . like this . . . to meditate. . . . So here I am to meditate. . . . And tomorrow the spurs. But I am not to think of the spurs. What was it the old priest said? "Not spurs and spears, but peace and purity" . . . peace and purity. . . . "Like the gentle knight Jesu," he said. . . . I cannot remember the half of those avowals. . . . "Faithful to my sovereign"—that is one, sure. . . . "Succor Holy Church and to my lady fair be true"—i' faith, there is no oath needed there. . . . "Be father to the orphans and protector of the poor." . . . "Defend the weak." . . . What was it the old fellow was saying? "Jesu's oath was shorter, and when it was said, all the rest were said: 'Fear God and Holy Church, and hold your neighbor dear as yourself.'" . . . That is it—no selfishness. That is knighthood. . . . "Help the poor." We will make them merry at the Castle tomorrow. . . . "Help the weak." . . . Be brother to the weak. . . .

Just then a noise was heard outside; and in a moment a man burst into the Chapel and cast himself before the altar.

The Squire's *meditation was halted with a shock:* Heaven!

The man lay limp and speechless, his hand pressed to his breast as if to staunch a wound. He was dressed in the rude clothing of a villein and in face and figure had all the appearance of poverty.

The Squire: How now! Whence comes this—to interrupt my vigils?

The man continued silent in complete exhaustion.

The Squire: What body is this that hell has flung here? Speak, will you? Who are you?

No answer.

The Squire: Some ill-mannered villein has lost his way and his tongue together.

A faint moan from the man.

The Squire: Are you hurt?

Silence.

The Squire: Good man, this is my Chapel for the night. Make off, I pray you.

The man groaned.

The Squire: What is the matter? Chased through the woods, eh? Stealing venison, probably—there is no knowing. Give a man a privilege these days and he takes twenty. Where are you going?

The Villein's *voice was hardly articulate:* Water.

The Squire: What? Where?

The Villein *with great effort lifted his head a little:* A drink of water.

The Squire: Water, you say? I'll get you some. Oh! come to think of it, there is no water here. Not even holy water. This old chapel is as dry as dead men's bones. But there is water aplenty in the wood—a whole stream of it at the foot of the hill. Come, my man. It is down hill all the way.

The Villein *only groaned.*

The Squire: It will make you feel better. This is a Chapel—for solitude and meditation. I hold a vigil here tonight.

The Villein: I am thirsty.

The Squire: There is no water, I tell you. But they give wine at the Castle tomorrow—bread and wine at the gate. Perhaps they will spare you some tonight. It is not far. You can soon be there.

The Villein *turned despairingly toward the altar.*

The Squire: Come, it is only a step.

The Villein *made a weak gesture, and caught at his breast once more.*

The Squire: What is on your hand there? Blood, is it? Ah, it *is* a sheep-killer—a common criminal seeking sanctuary at the shrine.

The Villein *heaved a sigh and lay quiet. The Squire stood watching him, plainly vexed. Now he looked toward the door for the return of the anchoress; now he began a restless march; now he turned toward the inert figure on the altar.*

The Villein *finally, beginning to revive, raised himself slowly upon his elbow:* Ah. . . . A little rest. . . . (*Presently his eyes were lifted to the Squire.*) O Sir, who are you? Save me, sir.

The Squire: Save you? Is not a Chapel safe enough?

The Villein: You will shield me, sir, surely? My children!

The Squire: Yes, faith, I will shield you. Against whom? Whose blood is that?

The Villein *removed his hand from his breast, finding both breast and hand bathed in blood:* They stabbed me. Heaven pity me, I am killed.

The Squire: Come, come. All wounds heal. Who stabbed you? What is this story?

The Villein: I know not. They were robbers, belike. . . . By the edge of the woods. . . . We were late, and the sun was set a little since. . . . We were on the highroad, and the children were trudging at my side. . . .

The Squire: What? What are you telling?

The Villein's *words grew clearer:* There were many of us. Of a sudden, at the front, I heard the noise, the screaming. Then they fell upon us in the darkness. I lost the children—torn from me they were. I had no weapons, and at the forest's edge the fellow met me with a knife.

The Squire: What forest's edge? What highroad? The highroad threads the wood for seven leagues.

The Villein: I cannot tell. I have forgot. I seldom cross these woods. I would not have come but that we wished to see the Castle on the Easter Day. The priests give a play in the great court—they make miracles—and the Castle gives us alms on Easter.

The Squire: I thought so. A scurvy serf.

The Villein: A serf, sir. An honest serf.

The Squire: An honest serf, then.

The Villein: Better, they say, an honest serf than a knight untrue.

The Squire: Fellow, guard your words. Tomorrow I myself am knighted. (*He threw his cloak back upon his shoulder.*)

The Villein *repeated with surprise and something of awe:* Knighted!

The Squire: Yes. (*With the slightest unconscious*

touch of grand air, he walked back and forth before the altar.)

The Villein *watched him with half-closed eyes and finally spoke again:* I always hoped to meet a knight before I died.

The Squire: I shall be a knight tomorrow.

The Villein *was evidently in intense pain, though his words came clear. He seemed determined not to show himself a craven before the young Squire. The Squire, pacing up and down, hardly gave him a glance:* The priest often tells us about knights.

The Squire: Ah?

The Villein: I know the vows you take.

The Squire: There are no mightier vows in Christendom.

The Villein: You serve the king.

The Squire: The king makes me knight tomorrow. I kneel, he touches me, he lifts me up, and I am his knight.

The Villein: You serve your lady.

The Squire: Make no doubt of that.

The Villein: And you serve Holy Church.

The Squire: Till every infidel and blasphemer is harried from the earth.

The Villein *paused. Only the tightening lines upon his face revealed his pain:* It must be wonderful to be a knight.

The Squire: I want to go adventuring, as my father did when he was young. I want to go out and help the weak and win renown.

The Villein: The priest said you helped the weak.

The Squire: A true knight will lose his life to save a life—like the knight Jesu.

The Villein: Lose his life to save a life! Yes, that is a true knight.

The Squire: No man is fit for knighthood who would not do so.

The Villein: No.

The Squire: I want to be off upon my quest. I fear only lest I shall wander far without finding the person in distress whom I could help and so gain honor.

The Villein *struggled to conceal his suffering:* No fear—you will find him. The priest says opportunity comes to every knight.

The Squire: I know. That is what they say.

The Villein: But he says that some poor knights know not their chance when they come upon it; and they go down in shame.

The Squire: Yes, that is so. But I keep my eye open!

The Villein: He says that some knights think so dearly of the deeds of the morrow they miss the deeds of the day. *(A tremor of pain caused him to wince.)*

The Squire: True.

The Villein: If only a knight had been there to rescue my children! I could do nothing. They were many and strong.

The Squire: If I only had known. That would have been my chance.

The Villein: My poor little ones!

The Squire: Be strong, my man; they may be brought to safety yet.

The Villein *pressed his hand to his breast. Unable longer to repress the rocking agony, he groaned:* The pain is more than I can bear.

The Squire *suddenly waked to the man's condition:* You are hurt. You are wounded. Poor man!

The Villein *caught his breath and fell back.*

The Squire: Alas! my man. Look up. Where are you hurt?

The Villein's *eyes closed and he began to murmur confusedly. It was too plain that his mind had lost control. He had become mercifully unconscious of himself and his pain:* Ah. . . . So. . . . You. . . .All of you . . . one, two, three. . . . My children all! . . . Only lost for a little.

The Squire *was pathetically solicitous:* Good man!

The Villein *opened his eyes, stared at the Chapel door, smiled, held out a hand:* Yes. . . . Come in. . . . Come in. . . . My dear ones. Your old father thought he had lost you forever. Come, sit down around me.

The Squire: Friend, friend, come to yourself.

The Villein: And now you have lost your old father.

The Squire: Good man, hear me!

The Villein: What is that? Yes, your old father is dying. They stabbed him with a knife.

The Squire *kneeled in entreaty:* Do not talk so! Listen to me!

The Villein *stared through him:* I was so thirsty and so weak. So weak. Your old father has to go. Be good children. . . . Your old father—there was not any knight to help him.

The Squire *fairly shrieked in the agony of self-discovery:* Wait! Wait! I am your knight!

The Villein *sank back and closed his eyes:* My little children. . . . They will give you bread there. . . . At the Castle. . . . You will see the play. . . . I will not see it. . . . Goodbye. . . . Good children. . . .

The Squire: Will you not wait? I will bring you water. I will have it in a trice. Live! You must not die.

It was all too evident that the man's life was ebbing.

The Squire: Stay! *(All of a tremble, he stretched out his arm to sustain the poor serf. As he did so, the candle left upon the altar—was it from his own trembling or by the touch of an unseen hand?—rolled off and fell across his arms, between him and the Villein.)*

A flaming sword could not have more suddenly arrested him. It was as if God had interposed a barrier between the living and the dead. To the Squire it was a sufficient symbol. Dead! Too late!

He rose quickly, letting fall the taper as a live thing. For a little his eyes were fixed upon it in a daze; he stood swaying; he staggered, as if struck; and it was sheer anguish which evoked his first moaned monosyllable: Oh. . . . *And again, after a silence, with infinite despair:* Oh. . . .

He dropped upon the altar steps, unmanned, to bury his face in his arms. Minutes passed. Now his broad back would heave with long sobs. Gradually and, as it were, naturally, without effort, unconsciously, he assumed an attitude of prayer, his head bowed to the dust. Every line of his body symbolized penitence. When he finally spoke, it was with the pathos of resignation.

The Squire: O God, forgive me . . . forgive me. . . . Make me yet a knight. . . . I did not know—I am thy servant. . . . Dost thou not hear? . . . Forgive. . . .

He lost himself in silent thought.

To help the weak—I know, I know—"Like the gentle knight, Jesu." Ah, he will hate me. I am none of his. I have mocked him. I am not for knighthood. . . . Oh, I am in darkness. I am nothing. I defile the Chapel and myself. . . . Fool—blind fool. . . . God, I did not know.

Forsake me not, Most High. I am thy knight—I shall be! Take me to knighthood!

A noise at the door interrupted him, and he rose to his feet mechanically. The old Anchoress had returned. She was accompanied by Three Children, a girl of some fourteen years, a boy of perhaps twelve, and another girl of not more than ten. The youngest was sobbing as she came in, and the others clung to the woman in evident apprehension. None of this the Squire noted. He glanced at them abstractedly, too distrait for surprise, and moved to the farther side of the altar.

The Anchoress: What is this?

The Squire found no word.

The Anchoress: Upon my altar. (*She approached the Squire.*) Do you know him?

But the Squire was buried in his grief.

The Older Girl *had followed the Anchoress toward the altar:* Father!

At the girl's cry, the children ran to the man on the steps. They bent close to him, they took his hand, they touched him lovingly, but he was insensible of their presence. The Younger Girl ceased sobbing.

The Boy: It is Father. Father! Wake up, Father! Wake up, Father!

The Older Girl: O Father, we did not know where you were.

The Boy: They frightened us. Father, please wake up!

The Squire stood in the semi-darkness in a brown study.

The Older Girl: Oh, they hurt him!

The Boy: Oh, they hurt you!

The Anchoress *bent over him:* Ah, the poor fellow. What ails you, fellow?

In spite of caress and pleading the man would not regain consciousness.

The Anchoress: Poor fellow!

The Older Girl: We thought you were taken by the robbers, Father.

The Boy: We found the lady by the stream.

The Older Girl: Do you hear?

They all listened.

The Anchoress: Poor man. Poor children. God save us all. (*And she knelt beside the wounded man, clasped her hands, and gave herself to her pater nosters.*)

The Boy *was somewhat awed at her action:* That is what the priest does.

The Younger Girl: When are we going to see the priests?

The Older Girl: We were not going to see them till Easter Day, and it is not Easter yet.

The Younger Girl: Won't it ever come?

The Older Girl: Easter comes tomorrow.

The Younger Girl: And then we will see the priests' play!

The Older Girl: I do not know whether we will see the play at all!

The Boy: What, not see the priests' play?

The Older Girl: Well, with Father here—

The Boy: But Father will be all right.

The Younger Girl *was on the verge of tears:* I want to see the priests' play.

The Older Girl: But, sister—

The Younger Girl: You told us we would.

The Older Girl: But I did not know that Father would be hurt.

The Younger Girl: You told us we would see the manger where the Lord Jesus lay.

The Boy: And the wonders he did.

The Older Girl: But, brother—

The Boy: Aren't we going to see them heal the sick and cure the cripples and everything? Won't we see the priests do their miracles?

The Younger Girl: If Father were there, they would make him all well again.

The Older Girl: Father! If he would only tell us what to do.

The Younger Girl: They would make him all well again, wouldn't they?

The Older Girl: They did say that last year many people who were lame and blind and deaf looked at the play and were made better.

The Boy: Yes, that is where old Ned, the smith, had his arm cured.

The face of the Younger Girl flashed with inspiration: We could give *our* play. Maybe that would make Father well—and then he could take us to the priests' play tomorrow.

The Boy: Yes, our play might make him better.

The Older Girl: Foolish, only the priests' plays work miracles.

The Boy: Well, is not ours a priests' play? Didn't you see them give it last year, and teach it to us?

The Older Girl: Yes, but—

The Boy: O sister, let us try it! It might—

The Older Girl: Oh, we could not do it here!

The Boy: Why not? And then we will see the real play tomorrow—with Father.

The Older Girl: There is not room enough.

The Boy: Oh yes, there is: out there (*he pointed to the nave*) will be the people who are watching us, and we can make believe all the cripples are here with Father, and we will be here in front of the altar, so he can hear us.

The Older Girl: If he only would!

The Boy: Come on—I will be the robber.

The Squire *now straightened himself and turned his eyes toward the little group, but he watched their action at first as a thing apart.*

The Older Girl: Well, we might try. All right, you are the robber—and then Sister is the traveler on the lonely road.

The Boy *struck the attitude heroic:* Oh, I am the robber!

The Younger Girl: But not a real one: I do not like those real ones.

The Older Girl: Yes, we know, Sister, but this is only a play. Now you go over to that wall (*she pointed to the south transept*), and then come back along the road.

The eye of the Squire, with quickening interest, followed the little girl to the wall. On reaching it she wheeled slowly and began deliberately to retrace her steps.

The Younger Girl: Only half way to Jericho, and I left Jerusalem hours ago! . . . (*She stood and looked about her.*) What a lonely road this is! No one in sight—not a house—not a shepherd on the hills. I should not have come alone. They say there are robbers. . . . (*She resumed her way.*) If I can make the gate by nightfall. . . .

The Boy *meanwhile had been crouching in the shadow of the altar, and when she reached the point opposite him,*

he sprang upon her with a shout—Your money, your money!

A little scream from the girl, the pretense of a severe blow by the Boy, and she fell down, "half dead." Now the boy rifled her pockets for jewels, precious stones. Ah, rubies, diamonds . . . and here is money, bags of it . . . gold and silver. . . . What, is that some one coming? (*And he shaded his eyes to see.*) I must be off! (*So with his loot he rode off in triumph, boy-fashion.*)

The Older Girl: Now you must be the priest who passed by on the other side.

The Boy *went to the south wall as the girl had done, and now with plodding gait returned toward the fallen traveler.*

He stopped to look at her: Hello, what has happened to you?

The Younger Girl: O dear, O dear!

The Boy: What is the matter with you?

The Younger Girl: The robber came.

The Boy: Dear me, I hope I do not meet him!

The Younger Girl: And he hurt me.

The Boy: What could you expect!

The Younger Girl: And he took all my money away.

The Boy: Have you no money left?

The Younger Girl: No, none at all.

The Boy: That is too bad. Well, I must be hurrying on now. (*And he continued his journey toward the north transept without even looking back over his shoulder.*)

The Older Girl: Now you have to be some one else who comes along.

The Squire *was not now allowing a word or a gesture to escape him.*

The Boy *returned to his starting place at the south wall and began another walk across the church, this time with no shambling gait, but erect, even haughty:* Tomorrow! Ah, I shall arrive tomorrow. It is a toilsome journey, withal. . . . Lonely, too—good time to meditate . . . to meditate . . . on peace and purity. . . . Ah, what is here? (*He stopped where the traveler lay.*) Hello, what has happened to you?

The Younger Girl: O dear, O dear!

The Boy: What is the matter with you? What is this story?

The Younger Girl: The robber came.

The Boy: Marry, I see some one came! Whose blood is that?

The Younger Girl: He hurt me. Save me, sir.

The Boy: Save you? Are you not safe enough now?

The Younger Girl *groaned feebly.*

The Boy: Buy you a ride from the first traveler.

The Younger Girl: He took all my money away.

The Boy: It looks as if you were in bad luck. If I were not due to arrive tomorrow. . . . Well, I must go now: there is a very important piece of business for me tomorrow. . . . Must go. . . . Sorry. . . . (*And he went.*)

The Squire *followed him with a look of pain and horror.*

The Older Girl: But the gentle Jesus passed the same way. (*She now went to the south wall and advanced as the boy had done. As she went, in her simple girlish loveliness and dignity, the unseen organ, in strains so delicate as to seem only to purify the silence, took up its melody once more. As before, the music seemed to have no source and no direction, save that in its note of grace and sympathy it might have expressed the spirit of the girl. Presently she reached the injured wayfarer.*) Well, what has happened to you?

The Younger Girl: O dear, O dear!

The Older Girl *kneeled beside her:* What can the matter be?

The Younger Girl: The robber came.

The Older Girl: And he hurt you!

The Younger Girl: Yes, he hurt me.

The Older Girl: Poor man! Here, I will get you some water. (*And she pretended to step to a near-by stream and return with water in her cupped hands.*) Drink this—it will make you feel better. (*The Villein stirred but no one noticed.*) Have you no money left?

The Younger Girl: No, he took all my money away.

The Older Girl: But that makes no difference, for I am rich. Where did he hurt you?

The Younger Girl *touched her cheek and brow:* Right here, and here.

The Older Girl *with the tenderness of motherhood caressed the injured places:* There, there, that will feel better now, I know. (*The Villein gave a low moan, but, if the children heard it, they only pursued the magic of their play the more intently. The Squire had no hearing save for the girl's words.*) Come, listen. (*The Older Girl raised her sister a little and held her close.*) We will go to the inn, and there we will lay you on a soft white bed, and there we will bring you good things to eat, and I will tell you wonderful stories.

The Younger Girl: What stories will you tell me? (*The Squire leaned toward them.*)

The Older Girl: Oh, let me see—about the two men who went to the church, and the one was proud, like a knight, and thanked God that he was a great man, and the other poor fellow just beat his breast and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

The Younger Girl: And then what did he do?

The Squire, *with a wistful yearning, scarcely breathed a* "Yes."

The Older Girl: And then—why then, he went back to his father, for he had run away, you know. That was what made him a sinner. But he went back home and said, "O Father, I have sinned," and he really expected his father would turn him out, because he was such a sinner; but what did his father do? His father was just like our own Father in heaven: he just opened his arms and took him back and loved him just as much as before.

The Squire: Oh, he could not have loved him just as much as before.

The Older Girl: Why, yes, he did.

The Squire: I mean the Father in heaven: he could not.

The Older Girl: Why not?

The Squire: The man had done so wrong.

The Older Girl: But he said he would make any sin as white as snow!

The Squire: He will?

The Older Girl: Yes, if you are really and truly sorry for it—and the man was sorry, you know.

The Squire: Sorrier than you can ever understand, little girl.

The Older Girl: So he forgave him.

The Squire *spoke as one who craves an answer more than life:* How do you know he forgave him?

(Continued on page 332)

EASTER IN THE EARLY CHURCH

Continuing
Notes on the History of Religious Education[1]

By Henry H. Meyer

IN the days of the first apostles immediately following the time of Christ, baptism and reception into church membership followed immediately upon a declaration of faith in Christ, as in the case of the Ethiopian eunuch of Cornelius, captain of the Roman guard, and of the Philippian jailer. With the gradual introduction of a probationary period and the insistence upon careful instruction and training represented in the early catechumenate, it became customary to administer baptism chiefly in connection with the great festivals of Easter, Pentecost and Epiphany, which commemorated respectively the resurrection of our Lord, the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the first company of believers at Jerusalem, and the traditional date of the baptism of Jesus by John.

Chief among these festivals was Easter. Gradually the religious teaching of the catechumenate was so arranged that the more intensive instruction of the advanced catechumens, known as competentes or electi, culminated at Easter. The satisfactory completion of the course of instruction provided in the catechumenate entitled the adult convert to baptism and confirmation. Through baptism and confirmation he passed from the status of catechumen to full membership in the Church, after which he was entitled to all the privileges of such membership. Among the chief of these were the privilege of receiving the Sacrament of Holy Communion and further complete instruction in the sacred mysteries of the Christian faith.

Stepfano

I Am the Resurrection and the Life

For the early Church Easter became a time of great ingathering, a spiritual harvest festival at which not infrequently hundreds and even thousands of individuals were baptized at one time and in one place, whereupon a simple service of confirmation completed their reception into church membership. The rapid increase in the Christian fellowship during the early centuries made necessary the additional provision for similar though minor ingatherings in connection with Pentecost and Epiphany. Isolated instances of individual baptism at other times still continued. For the most part, however, these occurred only in cases of emergency, such as extreme illness when it was feared the candidate might die, or on account of the inability of the candidate for other reasons to be present at the customary time and place.

The candidates for baptism were not all adults. Children and infants also were included. With the firm establishment of the Church and the multiplication of Christian families the number of these increased. Thus gradually the Easter festival of ingathering came to be characterized by the presence of large numbers of children. In the case of children too young to have enjoyed the instruction of the catechumenate, parents or other sponsors solemnly obligated themselves to care for the religious nurture and training of these little ones. In the case of adults, sponsors were likewise required who obligated themselves to serve as the spiritual mentors of those for whom they stood sponsors in baptism.

Preparation for Baptism

The immediate preparation for baptism consisted in several separate and distinct exercises. Candidates were examined both with regard to their understanding of the subjects in which they had been instructed and with regard to their personal faith and practice. This examination consisted frequently in the careful questioning of the individual candidate by the bishop or teacher in charge of the group. During the period of twenty days immediately preceding baptism it was customary for all candidates to observe certain rules of fasting and abstinence in order the better to concentrate their thoughts and desires upon things of the spirit. During the same period it was customary to observe the practice of exorcism, a ceremony consisting of the imposition of hands with the sign of the cross and appropriate prayers, by which means it was

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sought "to break the dominion and power of Satan in the new converts, and to deliver them from his slavery by expelling the spirit of error and wickedness from them." The efficacy of the ceremony was attributed to the power of prayer. Such fasting and abstinence accompanied by the ceremony of exorcism naturally brought the candidate into a state of penitence and humble desire for guidance in the way of life. Thus, personal confession and repentance were given a prominent place in the immediate preparation for baptism.

All candidates of mature years were required to know the Creed and the Lord's Prayer as essential parts of the sacred mysteries with which they had already been made acquainted during this final period of intensive preparation. Finally, the actual ceremony preliminary to baptism itself and immediately preceding baptism consisted of a public and formal renunciation of the devil and all his works, together with a public confession of faith, including the Creed. In the Apostolic Constitutions the renunciation referred to is given in these words: "I renounce Satan, and his works, and his pomps, and his service, and his angels, and his inventions, and all things that belong to him, or that are subject to him." By the devil's works, pomps and inventions were meant the iniquities and temptations of the pagan world, including especially also the pagan (Roman) theater, which had sunk to so low a level that the immoral and idolatrous practices connected therewith were undermining the very foundations of society. Tertullian (*230) applies the renunciation especially to the Roman theater, and another of the Church fathers exhorts Christians who so far forget themselves as again to be spectators at these performances as follows: "What is the first profession that Christians make at baptism? Is it not a protestation that they renounce the devil and his pomps, and his shows and his works? Therefore these shows and pomps, even by our own profession, are the works of the devil. How then, O Christian, canst thou after baptism follow those shows, which thou confessest to be the work of the devil?" As a rule excommunication was the penalty for subsequent repeated participation in any of the things included in this public renunciation.

It was customary to speak the words of renunciation three successive times, once at least facing the west and with expressions of abhorrence and disgust, the west being supposed to be the place of darkness and the abode of Satan. Immediately following the renunciation came the public avowal of faith and a pledge of obedience to Christ. The profession of faith was in the language of the accepted Creed. While vowing obedience to Christ the candidate faced toward the east, apparently because the place of sunrise was considered an emblem of the Sun of Righteousness. Like the renunciation of Satan, the avowal of obedience and the Creed were, as a rule, repeated three times.

The Ceremony of Baptism

The usual, almost universal form of baptism in the early Church was by immersion. Chiefly in cases where immersion was impracticable, the method of aspersion or sprinkling was resorted to. Both forms, however, were considered equally valid. In the case of immersion, especially in certain periods of early Church history, it was customary to immerse the candidate three times, once in the name of each member of the Divine Trinity. The ceremony as a rule was not conducted in the church itself but in the baptistery, a detached square building in close proximity to the church. The water used was first consecrated with formal blessing and prayer, many forms of which have been preserved. One reported by Augustine reads, "Look down from heaven, and sanctify this water, give it grace and power, that he that is baptized therein, according to the command of Christ, may be crucified with him, and die with him, to be buried with him, and rise again with him to that adoption which comes by him; that dying unto sin, he may live unto righteousness."

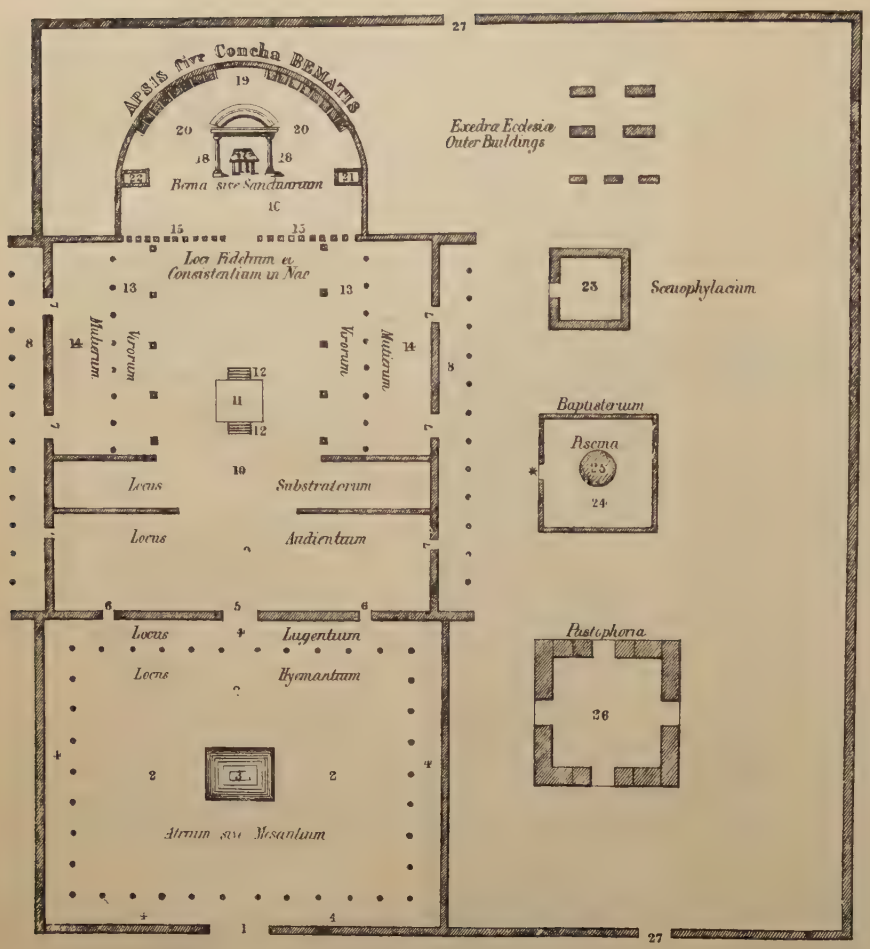
Both preceding and following the baptism itself the candidate was anointed with consecrated oil or ointment which, like the water of baptism, had been first consecrated for this special purpose. The anointing signified a further laying aside of all unrighteousness and the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Each stage of the ceremony was accompanied by the use of the sign of the cross, symbolically indicating the presence of Christ and the dependence upon his redemptive sacrifice.

Confirmation Following Baptism

In the early Church the ceremony later known as confirmation usually was administered immediately after baptism. This was always the case provided the bishop himself was present, since to him, for the most part, was reserved the right to administer confirmation and receive candidates into membership. In its primitive form confirmation completed the solemn ceremony of initiation into church membership, of which baptism was the more important part and for which the religious instruction of the catechumenate was the preparation. In itself confirmation consisted of three parts. The first of these was the second anointing already referred to as immediately following baptism. Then followed the imposition of hands accompanied by a solemn prayer of consecration and the benediction, while the sign and seal of the cross completed the ceremony. The ceremony of anointing is thus described by Cyril of Jerusalem: "They were first anointed on the forehead, to wipe away that shame which the first man by his transgression had contracted; and that they might now with open eyes behold the glory of the Lord. Then they were anointed on the ears, that they might have ears to hear the divine mysteries. After that on the nose and breast, that they might be a sweet savour unto the Lord; and being armed with the breastplate of righteousness, might be able to withstand all the insults of the devil."

The prayer of consecration was offered by the bishop and sometimes consisted of a single brief sentence imploring the gift of the Holy Spirit. More frequently, however, it was longer, as the following example indicates: "O Lord God, the Unbegotten, who has no Lord, who art Lord of all, who madest the sweet savour of the knowledge of the gospel to go forth among all nations, grant now that this chrism may be effectual in this baptized person, that the sweet savour of the Christ may remain firm and stable in him, and that he being dead with him, may rise again and live with him." In later times the sign of the cross was administered before the imposition of hands which, with the benediction, then concluded the entire ceremony. Much importance was attached to this early

*Died.



Plan of an Early Christian Church

1. Great Porch or First Entrance to Area before Church
2. Open Square between Great Porch and Church
3. Fountain of Water
4. Porticoes or Cloisters—Place of Mourners
5. Great Gate into the Church
6. Lesser Gates
7. Northern and Southern Gates
8. Cloisters
9. Place of Catechumens and Hearers, including Jews and Gentiles
10. Place of Penitents
11. Reading Desk
12. Steps
13. Inner Porticoes or Cloisters for Men Only
14. Upper Galleries for Women, above Porticoes for men, upon pillars
15. Rails of the Chancel
16. Chancel
17. Altar or Communion Table
18. Arched Canopy built round the Altar
19. Bishop's Seat or Throne with the
20. Seats of Presbyters in Semicircle around the Altar
21. Inner Vestry
22. Prothesis or Paratorium
23. Great Repository or Greeting House
24. Baptistry * The Porch
25. Font in Center of Baptistry
26. Dwelling Houses of Clergy with Schools, Libraries, etc.
    (Often on each side of the church)
27. Outmost Bounds allowed for Refuge of the Sanctuary

—After Bingham, *Antiquities of the Christian Church*, Vol. III

ceremony to which later the Roman Church attached the significance of a separate sacrament. There is no evidence, however, that the early Church so regarded it.

Other Ceremonies Following Baptism

In time it became customary for candidates for confirmation to be clothed in white garments. These were put on following baptism and the anointment with oil immediately prior to the final consecration of confirmation. After this custom became established it was made a part of the complete ceremony, the white robes being delivered to the candidates with a solemn formal charge: "Receive the white and immaculate garment, which thou mayest bring forth without spot before the tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ, that thou mayest have eternal life. Amen." These garments were worn eight days and then returned to the church for future similar occasions.

Still later there was added the ceremony of lights and tapers, though this was not at any time a universal practice. One early writer speaks of it as follows: "The station, when immediately after baptism thou shalt be placed before the altar, is a symbol of the glory of the life to come; the psalmody with which thou shalt be received is a foretaste of those hymns and songs of a better life; and the lamps, which thou shalt light, are a figure of those lamps of faith, wherewith bright and virgin souls shall go forth to meet the bridegroom." The lights are sometimes referred to as symbols of service to be rendered to the world, and frequently the ceremony included the repetition of the well-known Scripture passage: "So let your light shine before men; that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven." In some places also it was customary immediately following the ceremony of confirmation to congratulate the newly consecrated persons, welcoming them into the new fellowship with the kiss of peace. Sometimes the newly received members were given a taste of honey and milk, symbolical of the glory of the new life upon which they were entering. Thereupon they were required to repeat the Lord's Prayer and other short formal prayers and, following the singing of psalms, were admitted to the Sacrament of Holy Communion. Of the short prayers uttered by the candidates themselves as part of the service, the following beautiful example has been preserved: "Almighty God, the Father of Christ, thy only begotten Son, give me an immaculate body, a pure heart, a watchful soul, an unerring knowledge, with the influence of the Holy Ghost that I may possess and enjoy the fullness of the truth through thy Christ, by whom all glory be to thee in the Holy Ghost forever. Amen." Occasionally the ceremony of washing the feet was made part of the service.

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THE CONSEQUENCES[1]

By Margaret Slattery

"YOU have made your choice and must take the consequences," is a phrase as old as the English tongue. It is an almost universal phrase. In varied form it appears even in the dialects of widely scattered tribes. But though the *words* are repeated in tones of conviction, man has continued to make his choice and evade the consequences. That is what Peter did. Perhaps it is because of this very human reaction that Peter has always seemed to be

".....made of the common clay
Of the common man of the everyday."

Peter made his choice with a spontaneous response that is characteristic of the emotional temperament. The consequences were not in his reckoning. His was not the logical mind which could write carefully the reasons for and against a contemplated act and, in the light of these, make his choice. After that first meeting with Jesus, on the lake when the net had been let down at his command and the astonished Peter found it too full to manage without a partner's help, he could no longer interest himself in fishing. Of the *consequences* of forsaking his profession, to follow the Teacher, poor and homeless, from lake to desert, from mountain to city, as he taught and healed the needy crowd that pressed about him, Peter thought little. Only once, long afterward, did it occur to him to ask what reward there would be for those who left everything and followed. When Jesus asked the group to tell him who men thought he was, and followed that with the searching question, "Who say ye that I am?" it was Peter who, without hesitation, answered, "Thou art the Christ." It was Peter who refused the lowly service that Jesus rendered all his disciples as they sat about the table; it was Peter who declared with boastful assurance that no matter what evil should befall his Master he would choose always to stand by his side, and it was Peter who, when the test came, could not accept the consequences of his choice. Cowardice possessed him, fear overwhelmed him. Under the emotional spell of that moment around the table, *standing by* looked very easy; it seemed the only possible act of a loyal follower of that great Teacher. But in the presence of a keen-eyed serving maid, with Roman soldiers standing near, with the Teacher a prisoner, it was a very different thing, and Peter, stammering out his wretched self-protecting lie, fled from the consequences of his choice.

Without Fear

But something happened to Peter when those days had passed, over which Matthew and Mark, Luke and John alike draw the veil; those days of anguish for the Teacher which his boastful disciple seems not to have shared. Jesus triumphed and when he met Peter again it was with Pilate's judgment-hall, the cross and the silent tomb, behind him. It was then that Peter became truly a follower of his Lord. There were no easy, boastful words now. There was resolution. Added to the appeal of the emotions stirred to their depths, there was the *will* to do, to dare. There was full acceptance of the consequences and, with that acceptance, Peter, once so sensitive to the slightest criticism and so quick to resent it, lost his awkward shyness, lost his self-consciousness, lost *himself*, and the multitude, hearing the words that poured hot from a mind and heart convinced and consecrated, believed what they heard—three thousand in one day. Now that he could face the consequences, Peter was *free*, with that great freedom which nevermore would know fear.

The miracle that, steadily down through the ages, had given men this freedom, had wrought the marvelous change in him. The miracle that sent the hesitant Moses, fearless, into Pharaoh's palace, that sent reluctant Joshua into the promised land to face the mighty host of enemies, that set Elijah and Jeremiah unafraid before kings, that left Daniel triumphant in the palace of the conqueror, sent Peter, courageous, impassioned and victorious, out over Palestine to teach the Way, the Truth, the Life. It was a miracle that did not lose its power. When the days of Peter had faded away into the dimness of a long past, the miracle still worked. To Wycliffe and John Huss, to Luther, Savonarola and St. Francis, to Calvin and Knox, down through the years to John Wesley and Moody, it has revealed its transforming power. It is with us still. It is transforming men and women on many a mission field who, making their choices in quiet college towns, with the warm emotion of youth stirred by the need, had not dreamed of the consequences until they were revealed in hard, bare facts that stood facing them under some tropical sun, in some lonely hill station, in the bitter cold of the far north or the far south, beside the empty cradles of their children. Consequences which, accepted, have made great souls whose words, heard by men of many tongues and creeds and colors, are, like Peter's, *believed*.

It is transforming men and women who, having made the choice, refuse to dodge, but with amazing courage face squarely criminals old in cruelty—the blackmailer, the bootlegger, the purveyors of the drugs that mean death to body and soul. It stirs the blood to stand beside these fearless ones even for a moment, to bid them Godspeed as they go to the task they well know may be their last on earth; the courage of them mocks one's weak words of devotion. It is transforming men once content to make the choice and meet the consequences in *theory alone* at some comfortable desk with shaded light and comforting fire, sending them out to stand face to face with enormous wealth and abject poverty; it is giving to them the very power of Peter on that great day, as they speak their brave words against greed and selfishness, accepting the consequences, no matter how hard to bear.

The miracle! What if it should be performed for us so that we might be, in very truth, Christian, we who call ourselves by the name! It is so easy, these days, to follow Peter when, in the first test, *he ran away from the consequences*. Women do it in the daily social round; men do it in the whirl of business; it is done in the professions; it is done by the student; it is done in mercantile and industrial life. What if we should be simply and altogether *Christian* in our commonplace relationships, without fear of criticism, without fear of loss of

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prestige or position, without fear of results in business, *Christian in action,* accepting the consequences? What a flood of power would come upon the church! Organized selfishness could not stand before it.

I do not know that we can truly teach the youth of our day *anything* until this miracle shall set us free. One cannot teach that which he has never learned, but one may *learn.* Certain it is that youth must be taught the true meaning of Christian, that there can be no dodging, that consequences must be accepted; else, with self-protection, they also, in the moment of testing, overwhelmed by fear, will flee. Certain it is that this should be the day of *great* demands. We have asked too little of youth for many a day, perhaps because we have demanded so little of ourselves. When Peter chose to follow Christ, evading the consequences, he was weak, self-loving and self-seeking, but when he chose to follow him, accepting the consequences, he became a man of power. The miracle is for us if we will. The Christ who spoke to Peter, dismayed by his failure, conscious of his cowardice, yet certain of his love, still speaks the transforming word. It is for us.

The Battle Won

But there were other consequences beside which the taunting words and the hinted threats by the fire at which Peter warmed himself seem very little things. The battle with fear was won. If prison doors were closed upon him, if scourge or cross were set before him, it mattered little now that he had accepted the consequences of his pledge to follow the Christ, whom at first he had so miserably failed. Fear had no slightest power over him now.

But Peter was a Jew. That is difficult to remember. He was trained in the faith that the children of Abraham were the chosen of Jehovah—his, to be punished, protected, saved, made at last to rule the whole earth; the chosen of Jehovah to whom all others were alien. All Peter's habits of thought divided mankind into the *children*—and the *dogs.* Both teaching and training made him punctilious in the observance of the laws touching eating and drinking and many another ordinary routine of the Jewish home. So that day when he sat upon the housetop in Joppa, praying and dreaming, he was wholly unprepared for another *consequence* of his having chosen to follow the Teacher. Peter was hungry, Luke says in simple fashion, and as he fell into a dream, his thoughts were of food. Suddenly down from the heavens came a great sheet, nearer and nearer the housetop. In it were the beasts of the earth and the fowls of the air, and as it rested before him, a voice, clear and plain, said, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat." A wave of revulsion and horror swept over him. "No, Lord," he said, "I have never eaten anything common or unclean." Peter was now wholly *the Jew.* Long generations of training had bred in him disgust for the things he had been taught must never pass the lips of the faithful. The next words fell upon astonished ears, "What God hath cleansed, make not thou common." Three times the words and then the sheet, with its amazing burden, faded away and Peter sat wide-eyed, in the silence of the housetop. There was scarcely time to reach any conclusion as to the meaning of the strange experience, for three men waited below to speak to him.

Without Prejudice

Many a perplexing thought must have filled Peter's mind as he journeyed from Joppa to Cæsarea in answer to that call brought by the men, the servants of Cornelius, the centurion, a man wholly outside the family of Abraham—a Gentile, a dog. Perhaps as he rode Peter recalled traditions and laws of the Pharisees that Jesus had ignored—the day he healed the daughter of the Greek, the sabbath on which he ate the corn in the field and straightened the paralyzed arm, the day he talked with a Samaritan woman, the innumerable times he ate with publicans and sinners. What angry protests and bitter criticisms these acts had brought upon him from scribe and Pharisee! Yet he was undisturbed. Peter began to understand the vision. Its meaning was very clear to him after Cornelius had told his story. Then, in one great sentence, one of the most significant in all the words of the apostles, Peter accepted even *this consequence* of his pledge to follow the Teacher. *"Of a truth I perceive,"* he said, *"that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him."* After he had told the story of his Master's life and teachings, from the early days at Nazareth to the end, thrilled by the response of that Gentile group crowded into the home of the centurion, amazed by the evidence that the Holy Spirit had come to the hearts of his hearers, Peter reaffirmed his confidence in the meaning of the vision. "Can any man," he cried, "forbid the water, that these should not be baptized, who have received the Holy Spirit as well as we?"

And they were baptized, the Gentiles, the scorned and scoffed-at heathen. Peter had won his second victory, so much greater than the first; he had accepted the consequences so much harder to accept, the demand that the follower of the Teacher should put aside more than his *fear*—his *prejudices;* that he free his soul from all habits of thought, all tradition and custom, all lines of caste and color, that would close the wide-open door of the kingdom to his brother man.

Many a one in that company of Jews which had followed Peter from Joppa to Cæsarea went home perplexed, unconvinced, unwilling to accept the consequences of a faith that flung to the winds all their cherished beliefs. Many a Jew could put aside the teaching that, with Abraham as their father, they needed no other salvation, and accept Christ as *their* Redeemer; but as Redeemer of the Gentiles,—there prejudice closed the door, refused to take the consequences which Peter had accepted.

We Must Learn and Know

We need the spirit of Peter today in our churches. *The teacher must have it.* Has it come to you? We all have our prejudices. Some we hug tightly to our hearts. We will not let them go. But we must. We teach; therefore, more than all others, we must *learn.* We give knowledge; therefore we must *know.* The Christendom of our day must learn to banish its hate-producing prejudices, or perish by its own hand. We are its teachers. Tomorrow sits in our classes.

I know why Peter failed at first and then won so gloriously. At first, he lived in his own little world, self was its center and self was its circumference. Then the miracle: Christ was its center, and its only boundary, all

(Continued on page 333)

Moravian Church Decorated for Easter

EASTER MORNING SERVICE

of the Moravian Church, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

By W. N. Schwarze

JUBILANT, everywhere, are the Easter Day services of the Christian Church. Unusual in character and wealth of meaning are those of the Moravian Church celebrating the Resurrection Day. None surpass them in solemn beauty and triumphant expression of faith. They are impressive by reason of devoutly joyful observance. Of them the most widely known is the inspiring service at dawn of Easter Day. Deeply significant, this service has come to be justly famed among occasions of festal commemoration in the Christian Church. It sprang from humble beginnings. To it beautiful customs attached themselves. For it a noble Litany, affirming triumphant faith, was prepared. Reduced, long since, to well ordered, almost unvarying observance, it has enshrined itself in the hearts and memories of thousands within and beyond the Moravian Church.

The Christian Church in all ages has drawn from the treasures of art to adorn her houses of worship, to enrich her ritual and to give worthy form to her religious concepts. In accordance with that practice, the gifted Zinzendorf—a spirit glowing with ecstatic love and fervor—embellished the observances of the Moravian Church, with which he identified himself, leaving a heritage of usages not unmeet for edification. Very simple was the first Moravian service on Easter Morn. It was held on April 13, 1732, in Herrnhut, Saxony, the home congregation of the modern Moravian Church, when the young men repaired, before dawn, to the graveyard and spent an hour and a half in singing and prayer. This form of celebration was adopted by the congregation and was, subsequently, modified and developed.

First notice of the Easter Morning Service in Bethlehem appears in the records of the year 1743. The settlement had been founded in 1741. It was established by a group of Moravian settlers from Herrnhut, Saxony, staunch people and true, who traced their spiritual lineage to the ancient Moravian Church, or Unitas Fratrum, founded by the followers of John Huss, in 1457. The new settlement within Penn's colony, at the Forks of the Delaware, was to be a new home for the Moravians and a center of operations, evangelistic, educational and missionary which, in the event, made neglected whites and benighted savages, scattered over a wide area, feel the thrill of a strong religious life. The settlement received the name Bethlehem at a memorable Christmas Eve service in 1741. It had then but two houses. For the period of the first six months of 1742, the records of Moravians in this country tell nothing about what took place at the new settlement. They detail much, however, about the movements and projects of Zinzendorf and his associates elsewhere in Pennsylvania, preparatory to activity that was to be undertaken from the new settlement as a center. There is, therefore, no notice of the observance of Easter Day, 1742, in Bethlehem. Moreover, Bethlehem had then no cemetery. Occasion for the first funeral of the settlement came on June twenty-seventh of that year, at which time Count Zinzendorf consecrated the present

Easter Morning Service in Moravian Cemetery

historic old cemetery as the "God's Acre" of Bethlehem.

On April 14, 1743, the small congregation assembled in its house of worship at four o'clock in the morning to commemorate the resurrection of the Lord, but there is no mention of any service in the burial grounds. Under date of April 5, 1744, the diarist states that the congregation gathered for the Easter matins at four o'clock and that, after the singing of several hymns, all went forth in formal procession, to the accompaniment of instrumental music, to the God's Acre which, at that time, contained three or four graves. It is also stated that many strangers were present for the service. The entry of the church diary of April 11, 1751, notes the use for the first time of the Easter Litany composed, during the fourth decade of the eighteenth century, by Count Zinzendorf, setting forth the essentials of Moravian doctrine and so arranged that a part of it may be prayed in the sanctuary and the remainder in the burial grounds. Theretofore the service, more or less informal, had consisted of hymns and prayers as arranged by the presiding minister. Under date of April 2, 1752, it is recorded that members of the congregation were wakened by instrumental music and then assembled in the house of worship. Trombones figure for the first time in the Easter celebration of March 30, 1755. Prior to the introduction of this instrument of solemn sound, its place in the realm of Moravian music had been occupied by the French-horn and the trumpet, which were in use in Bethlehem as early as 1744. Trombones were brought to Bethlehem in 1754 and, on November fifteenth of that year, accompanied the hymns of the burial service when the remains of a child were laid to rest. By whom this modification of the trumpet was invented and when it was admitted to the sisterhood of rich and mellow sound-producing instruments has not been ascertained. If, as has been claimed, its prototype was the sackbut, it carries us back to the glorious days of David and Solomon and their chief musicians, Asaph, Heman, Ethan and Jeduthun. Be that as it may, from the date given above trombones have enriched, in the service of Moravian Liturgy, the solemnities of many a high day, and none more so than those of the Easter Morning Service. Thus, in brief outline, the rich significance of the Easter Morning Service has evolved from humble beginnings, and the beautiful customs attaching to it have been elaborated.

As now ordered and conducted, according to tradition long established, words can but faintly reflect the solemn beauty and simple grandeur of the Moravian Easter Morning Service. Hearts and minds of worshipers have been prepared for it by the daily meetings of Holy Week, rich in liturgical beauty and of great devotional power. All await with devout expectancy the heralding of Easter Morn by the trombone choir. At three o'clock in the morning of Easter Day the trombonists assemble at the church. Upon the stillness of that hour peal forth the deep, sonorous and inspiring tones of the trombones, the measured chords of their chorale melody, with thrilling gladness overborne, announcing the Easter Day. From the church the trombonists, in two groups, proceed through the sleeping streets and, during the next two hours, at fifty different points in the town renew their joyous harmony that stirs the hills to echoing response. To the summons, ringing with clarion clearness, the worshipers awaken and, before break of dawn, assemble in the sanctuary. Elaborate decorations

Old Moravian Graveyard

in the stately edifice stimulate the joyous, worshipful mood of the hour.

With the choir chant, "The Lord is risen!" and the congregational response, "The Lord is risen indeed!" the service opens. Then, as if with single, spontaneous voice, the great congregation, thronging the church, sings:

Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and Saviour,
Thou hast burst the bonds of death;
Grant us, as to Mary, the great favor
To embrace thy feet in faith.
Thou hast in our stead the curse endured,
And for us eternal life procured;
Joyful, we with one accord
Hail thee as our risen Lord.

A brief prayer is offered, and then reverently the service proceeds, the officiating minister first reading the statement of faith in God the Father:

I believe in the one only God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; who created all things by Jesus Christ, and was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.

I believe in God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world; who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son; who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ; who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; having predestinated us into the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

To this the congregation gives chanted response, "This I verily believe."

An ascription of praise is sung by the choir, following which all join in the Lord's Prayer. The minister then continues with the articles that set forth faith in God the Son, the sentences divided by the stanza of a hymn:

I believe in the name of the only-begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him.

I believe that he was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and took on him the form of a servant; by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost was conceived of the Virgin Mary; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; was born of a woman; and being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. For he is the Lord, the messenger of the covenant, whom we delight in. The Lord and his Spirit have sent him to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. He spake that which he did know, and testified that which he had seen. As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God. Behold the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried; went also by the Spirit and preached unto the spirits in prison; the third day rose again from the dead, and with him many bodies of the saints which slept; ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the throne of the Father; whence he will come, in like manner as he was seen going into heaven.

Tune 146.

A Voice.—The Spirit and the Bride
"O come!" are now entreating;
Choir.—Let all who hear their voice
"O come!" be loud repeating:
Congregation.—Amen! Lord Jesus, come;
We wait in faith for Thee:
Soon, we implore Thee, come;
Thy glory let us see.

The Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead. This is my Lord, who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil; not with gold or silver, but with his holy, precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying; to the end that I should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness; even as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

Again, the congregation chants assent, "This I most certainly believe." Thereupon are proclaimed the words of belief in the God the Holy Ghost, with congregational responses:

I believe in the Holy Ghost, who proceedeth from the Father, and whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after he went away, that he should abide with us for ever; that he should comfort us, as a mother comforteth her children; that he should help our infirmities, and make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered; that he should bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God, and teach us to cry, Abba, Father; that he should shed abroad in our hearts the love of God, and make our bodies his holy temple; and that he should work all in all, dividing to every man severally as he will. To him be glory in the church, which is in Christ Jesus, the holy, universal Christian Church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity.

Amen.

I believe, that by my own reason and strength I cannot believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to him; but that the Holy Ghost calleth me by the gospel, enlighteneth me with his gifts, sanctifieth and preserveth me in the true faith; even as he calleth, gathereth, enlighteneth, and sanctifieth the whole Church on earth, which he keepeth by Jesus Christ in the holy truth faith; in which Christian Church God forgiveth me and every believer all sin daily and abundantly.

This I assuredly believe.

Belief in Baptism, the Lord's Supper, the Communion of Saints then comes to expression:

I believe, that by holy baptism I am embodied a member of the Church of Christ, which he hath loved, and for which he gave himself, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word.

Amen.

In this communion of saints my faith is placed upon my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who died for me, and shed his blood on the Cross for the remission of sins,

and who hath granted unto me his body and blood in the Lord's Supper, as a pledge of grace; as the Scripture saith: Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, "Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of me." After the same manner also, our Lord Jesus Christ, when he had supped, took the cup, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, "Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me."

Two stanzas of hymns, treating of the Lord's Supper and the presence of the Lord with his Church, bring the service in the sanctuary to a close. If the weather conditions permit the remaining part of the service is prayed in the graveyard. Quietly and reverently the great congregation files out of the spacious church, is joined by hundreds waiting outside, and this augmented throng, numbering perhaps three or four thousand, under the watchful care of numerous sacristans, moves in unbroken column to the near-by "God's Acre." There is no disorder. All move steadily and quietly forward, up the winding walk, passing hard by the old buildings which, with their massive walls of stone, high peaked roofs and ivy-covered buttresses, silently recall the distant time when Moravian pioneers builded their new home amid the forest grown hills.

Having reached this sacred precinct of the dead, the Easter Morning worshipers form, along paths indicated, a great rectangle, the ministers, trombonists and choir in the middle. The service is always so timed that this latter portion shall take place exactly at sunrise. All having found their places, the trombone choir leads the singing of the hymn:

The graves of all his saints Christ blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising-day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Then the age-old words of confident faith and longing ring out over the hushed and reverent throng:

I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; I shall never taste death; yea, I shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead; for the body which I shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption; my flesh shall rest in hope. And the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, shall also quicken these our mortal bodies, if so be that the Spirit of God hath dwelt in them.

Thereto the congregation responds, "Amen. We poor sinners pray, hear us, gracious Lord and God."

Next follows the petition, the words of which are wrapped by considerations of time and place in glorious meaning:

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with those of our brethren and sisters who, since last Easter-day have entered into the joy of their Lord, and with the whole Church Triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labors.

Amen.

In consonance with that aspiration, to the accompaniment of the trombones, all join in the hymn:

What are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song:
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour!"

There is a brief ascription of praise:

Glory be to him who is the Resurrection and the Life; he was dead, and behold, he is alive forevermore; and he that believeth in him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to him in the Church which waiteth for him, and in that which is around him, from everlasting to everlasting.

Amen.

This is followed by the closing hymn.

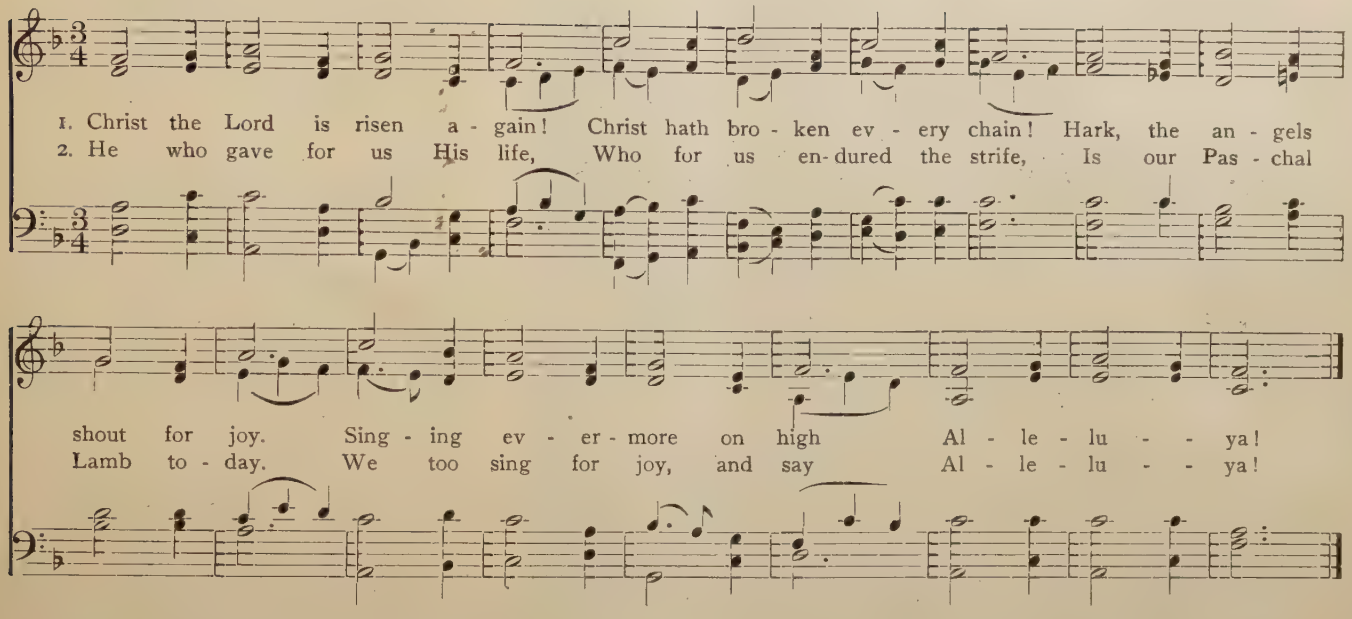
The benediction completes the service that is as simple withal as it is effective for moving to reflection and stirring the finest emotion.

Intent and meaning of the service are varied. To begin with, the worshipers go in spirit with the devout women and the disciples "unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun." They not merely rehearse the facts of the Resurrection Morn, they act them over, under the gracious influence of the open air at the break of day. They think, also, of those who have fallen asleep and declare their unshaken faith in the resurrection of the dead. They profess, too, their fellowship with the church triumphant, as the prayer goes up, amid the graves of the departed, "Keep us in everlasting fellowship with those of our brethren and sisters who, since last Easter Day, have entered into the joy of their Lord, and with the whole Church Triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labors." They reiterate, finally, their confession of faith, for Moravians point to the "Service for Easter Morning" as one of the documents that sets forth the essentials of their creed. And the recital of it at this time is deeply impressive, because the fact that he who was "delivered for our offences" was also "raised for our justification" seals all the cardinal articles of Christian faith.

Easter Carol

Christus ist erstanden
MICHAEL WEISSE–(1480-1534)

Mediæval French
Harmonized by
A. VINCENT BENNETT


1. Christ the Lord is risen a - gain! Christ hath bro - ken ev - ery chain! Hark, the an - gels
2. He who gave for us His life, Who for us en-dured the strife, Is our Pas - chal
shout for joy. Sing - ing ev - er - more on high Al - le - lu - - ya!
Lamb to - day. We too sing for joy, and say Al - le - lu - - ya!

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry.
Alleluya!

4 He whose path no records tell,
Who descended into hell;
Who the strong man armed hath bound,
Now the highest heaven is crowned.
Alleluya!

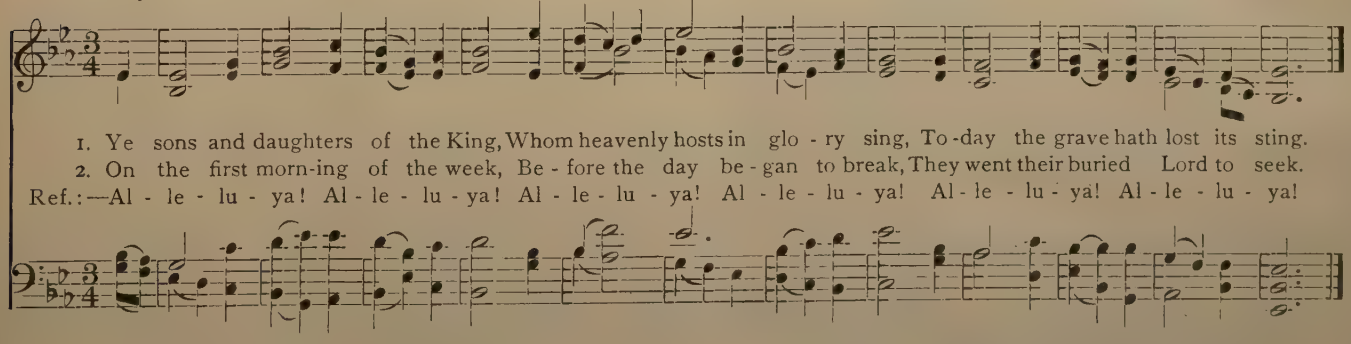
5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluya!

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye,
Alleluya!

Ye Sons and Daughters

Old Latin O Filii et Filiæ
Trans. J. M. NEALE

Traditional German Melody
Given by PRÆTORIUS
Harmonized by A. VINCENT BENNETT


1. Ye sons and daughters of the King, Whom heavenly hosts in glo - ry sing, To-day the grave hath lost its sting.
2. On the first morn-ing of the week, Be - fore the day be - gan to break, They went their buried Lord to seek.
Ref.:—Al - le - lu - ya! Al - le - lu - ya! Al - le - lu - ya! Al - le - lu - ya! Al - le - lu - ya! Al - le - lu - ya!

3 An angel clad in white was he
That sate and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord is gone to Galilee!"
Ref.:—Alleluya!

4 That night the Apostles met in fear,
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "Peace be unto all here!"
Ref.:—Alleluya!

5 Blessed are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been!
In Life Eternal they shall reign—
Ref.:—Alleluya!

6 On this most holy Day of days,
Be laud and jubilee and praise:
To God both hearts and voices raise:
Ref.:—Alleluya!

Rocky Canyon in Vicinity of Mt. Sinai. Aaron at the Altar.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

By Mary E. Ely

OVER a year ago, through the agency of the Los Angeles *Times,* a prize was offered for the best suggested title for a photoplay. In this way it was hoped to find out what the public really wanted rather than what the producer thought was a good picture.

From every state in the Union, from France, Russia, England, and Japan came the returns, thousands of them. The appeal from churches, clubs and homes was for a picture with moral and ethical principles, with a spiritual background showing constructively how, by overcoming obstacles, growth in character will develop into righteous manhood and high ideals.

While many suggested biblical narratives, eight contestants submitted The Ten Commandments. The instant this theme was presented the producer knew that it was the one he was looking for, and he saw in a flash whole sets pass before his vision

City of Rameses. Moses in foreground leading the Israelites.

that had been in the background of his consciousness ever since he was a small boy. Moses, the burning bush, the water that burst forth from the smitten rock, the manna in the wilderness; all these pictures which had been built up in his imagination from the daily Bible readings conducted by his grandfather years ago came before him.

The magnitude of the idea as it developed was tremendous. The Book of Exodus was interpreted from every angle. With the collaboration of historians, travelers, clergymen, librarians and the museum a faithful representation of the times, manners, costumes and topographical setting of the City of Rameses was evolved.

Near Guadalupe, in the vicinity of the Santa Maria Valley, with its sand dunes gradually sloping to the ocean, the filming of the four-reel prologue of the Ten Commandments took place. For a distance of two miles or more along the beach the winds and sands have conspired together and the result is undulating hills and

(Continued on page 334)

The Red Sea Crossing

"Let My People Go"

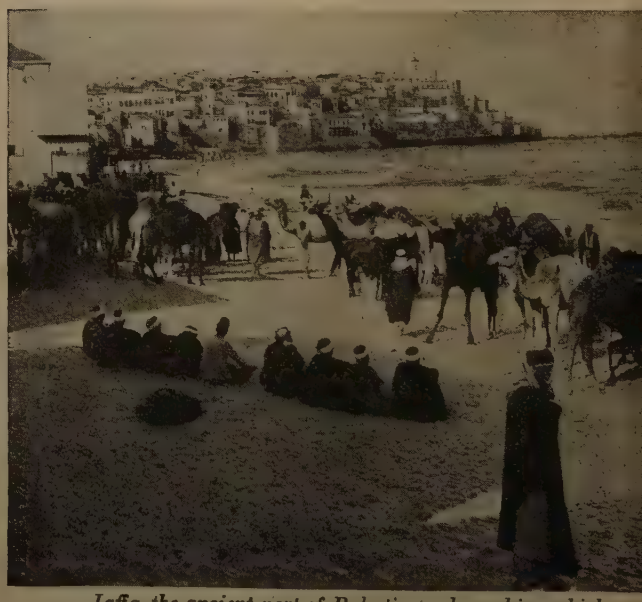
THE NEW

Everyday activities of the people who live among the sacred places of the Holy Land

A market scene in Bethlehem showing the intermingling of the old and the new

St. Stephen's Gate, through which Jesus passed many times during his life in Jerusalem

Jerusalem—Inside the Jaffa Gate, the principal business street leading into David Street



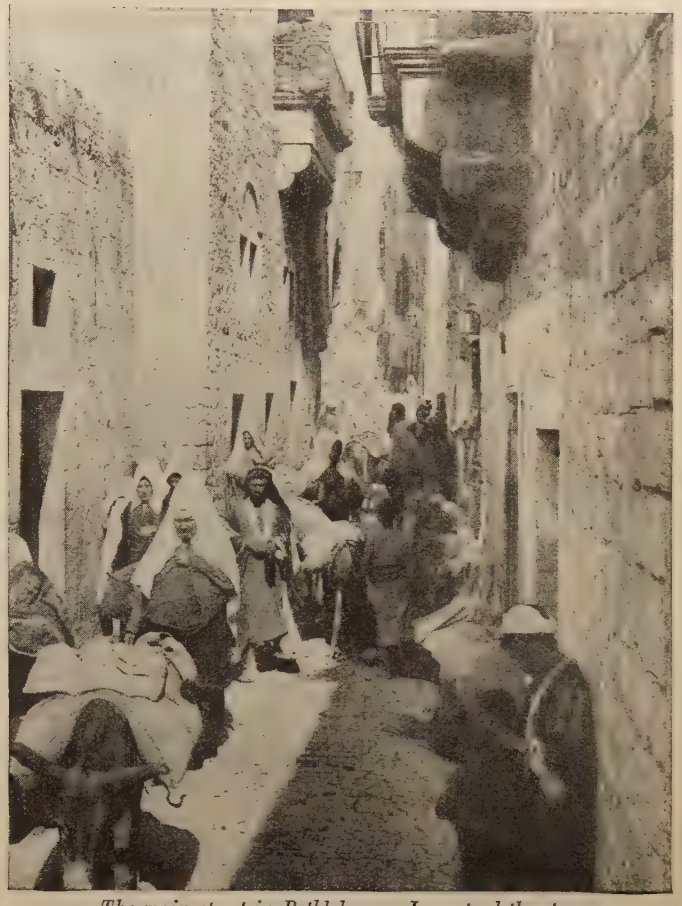
Jaffa, the ancient port of Palestine, where ships which will fly the Zion flag are now in course of construction

ALESTINE

Photographs from International
Newsreel Corporation

A view of the Church of the Nativity and the market place of Bethlehem

ding to tradition, it was in this house in Bethany where Lazarus during the time Jesus walked the streets of the ancient city



The main street in Bethlehem. Jesus trod the stone pavement many times during his short life here

The first view of Jerusalem from the railroad station, in the center. This is on the outskirts of the city

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE WEEK-DAY SCHOOL TO THE CHILD

The Fourth and Last of a Series of Articles on the Week-Day School

By Blanche Carrier

IF the week-day school of religion is to endure, it must be founded on sound principles; it must have the cooperation of the churches and the respect of the public schools; it must do such careful, thorough work that it is accorded the respect of its pupils; but beyond all these necessary and definite characteristics is the contribution of the school to the growth and daily life of the child. A school may be conducted without this vital contact and the public may not be cognizant of it; but every teacher whose heart is in the task works toward ends which cannot be charted or measured but which she recognizes as most important. The contribution of which we speak may come through the class work, through individual contacts, or through outside group activities.

Three Vital Points

In our class work we have three things in mind which the children are to learn beyond the actual knowledge to be acquired: to think for themselves, to pray, and to live that which has been discovered by them.

When we began teaching the middle and upper grades we discovered that the children expected the teacher of religion to be satisfied with one of three answers to any question she might ask. Their replies were "yes," "no," and "God." A thought question resulted either in blank amazement or shrugs of indifference. A few months later they were able to discover the most profound truths in the interpretation of Psalms, pictures, and hymns. In a fifth-grade class we were interpreting Psalm 1. We pictured mentally the thriving green tree. We asked, "Why does the writer say that the man who loves God is like this tree?" Three boys volunteered answers. "The tree sticks close to the ground for strength and the man sticks close to God," said one. "The tree holds up its branches to God, and the man holds up his life to God," said another. And the third, as if sensing the need of a climax, said, "The tree does what it was made for, and that man does what he was made for."

Subject Matter Important

I cannot personally agree with the group who feel that subject-matter is relatively unimportant, that the pupil be allowed to light upon and leave at will any subject or discussion. We must avoid generalities in religion, and subject matter challenges concrete, practical thinking. Before the year had closed, the children were asking even deeper questions than the teacher had asked them. Fifth- and sixth-grade boys and girls asked: "How does God answer prayer?" "If Jeremiah had done God's work all his life, why did God let him be killed?" and "What do you think was the real cause of the crucifixion?" And the teacher felt amply repaid for her emphasis on this phase of the teaching when one day after school a sturdy sixth-grade boy opened the door and said, "Why, Miss Carrier, I had to be absent last Tuesday on account of sickness and I wondered if you would let me stay here an hour and make up my lesson. Could you go over it with me?" We find that even our fourth-grade children have much more respect for the school if they know the name and plan of their course and see the relationship of lesson to lesson in a movement toward the development of certain ideas. The child needs training in his own methods of logical thinking as well as in self-activity.

Knowledge about God will be of little value unless the child can make potent contacts with God, and so we teach them to pray. It is a delicate task these days when the average child no more hears his father pray in the home. To him prayer is perhaps the long words and adult phrases of the public service. So that it may be spontaneous, we begin by closing the worship services with a simple prayer by the teacher, and then when we are sure that the pupils are giving thought to the worship service, allowing them to write in their notebooks the prayer in their own minds. Later a few are chosen to read their prayers while the other pupils bow their heads reverently, and at last they become able to lead their class in spontaneous prayer. Sometimes these prayers are very touching, as the impetuous, weak-willed, eighth-grade boy who began his Easter prayer, "Dear Jesus, you are our Saviour, though we don't always act like it." We give here a prayer on the Bible by a fifth-grade girl and a Christmas prayer by an eighth-grade boy.

"O God, I thank you for the Bible and for the things it has taught me. I have seen in the Bible stories of you. You put the suggestions into men's heads to print the Holy Bible. It has made us civilized, taught us not to steal, nor kill. It has taught us to believe in you, as I always will. I believe in it, the Holy Bible. Amen."

"O God our Father, we thank thee for the wondrous gift that came over a thousand years ago, the gift that is still fresh in our hearts and may be fresh in our hearts for a thousand years to come. We thank thee for our country, our homes, our churches and schools, and may your blessings rest upon those most dear to us. In your Son's name we ask it. Amen."

A Character Forming Power

The study of religion is not vital unless it has the power to mold the characters of the boys and girls. The teacher of religion watches constantly for opportunities to help at this point. Class discussions may set ideals of honesty, of the use of the Sabbath, and so forth, but often there must be long talks after school when boy and teacher talk as friend to friend and sometimes pray together. Each boy and girl in the last two grades writes for us the ambition he has as to training and profession. This is recorded and often is a great help as the teacher faces the future with the boy or girl. Sometimes these ambitions change during the year. One boy who entered with intentions of being a professional golf-player decided by the end of the year to be a Y. M. C. A. worker. A cheap, flashy girl who would be an actress discovered that her real hunger was for travel; she aims now to become a buyer for a department store and "such a good one that they will send me to New York and maybe to Europe."

Story after story could be told of this important part of the work—of Margaret, who set out to clean up the vulgar talking in her class and had a personal talk with each one; of Charles, whose passionate temper brought serious trouble at public school, but who wrote later, "I want you to know I am trying"; of Arthur, whose attempted deceit brought out a story of unhappy home life and a new ideal of living. Suffice it to say that the teacher gladly gives extra time to such as these; for here is her greatest joy in teaching.

One of the most difficult tasks of the teacher is setting the child right on profound convictions or philosophies of life which he has acquired environmentally and which are contrary to the laws of life. There is our little fourth-grade boy who already smiles bitterly at mention of God and says religion is a graft; our sixth-grade boy who is going to be mean for seven years more and then he will change into a good man and a trustworthy doctor; and our older boys who still cling to the belief that deceit is laudable, if not discovered by authority.

All this work is made more effective if the homes and schools understand and co-

operate. In Dayton we have a full-time school visitor, a woman of rare tact and sympathy. As she calls on the homes she explains the school to mothers and very often receives in return the burdens and problems of this particular home. She makes suggestions about the solution of these problems and often influences families to affiliate with some church. The principals of most of the public schools talk with us frankly about the lives of troublesome or unfortunate children and thus we are able to work together on building character. The value of this spirit of cooperation between schools of public and religious instruction can scarcely be overestimated.

A Church Attendance Campaign is being held, in which all children from grades four to eight are expected to attend a morning church service for five consecutive weeks. The campaign is doing more than training over a thousand boys and girls in congregational worship; it is finding out why a thousand more do not attend church. Statistics of home indifference and other reasons will be compiled and published in the local newspapers.

Another interesting piece of work is the two eighth-grade teams of three boys and three girls each, who are organized to conduct Sunday evening church services throughout the city and explain the work of the schools. A boy leader announces the hymns, introduces the speakers, and leads in the public prayer, brief talks are made on such topics as the geography of Palestine, the study of religious art, notebook work. The children are very spontaneous and natural and are deriving real training from the work.

"The Covenant." Scene from play "Jonathan, A Prince Who Gave Up His Kingdom for a Friend." Written and Produced by Grades 7 and 8

Contributions of Outside Activities

But aside from the classwork and individual conferences there are outside activities which contribute to the child. Each activity grows out of a special interest or need of the particular school. One school has a choir where the finest of religious music is learned. Another is writing and preparing to produce a play on the life of Paul for a public program. Another whose older boys and girls have little ambition for the future because of home environment has a series of vocational conferences where young men and women talk with the teachers on the various occupations and professions.

A Decisive Factor

The most decisive factor in the determination of the potency of the contribution of the week-day school to the child is, after all, the personality of the teacher. Subject-matter, organization, and equipment are essential; public-school experience as well as some training in the technique of teaching religion are fair requirements; but all these are tinkling cymbals without a passion for the work, the profession of religious education; a passion for the individual child; and a personal spiritual experience. She must have poise to meet the unexpected, resourcefulness for the emergency, firmness in securing right conduct, and sincere love for every boy and girl. With all her technique, all her plans, she may be far from successful unless she can look straight at a boy with a look that challenges comradeship, unless she can speak in a quiet, assured tone that testifies to her own peace of mind and convictions on standards of school life, unless she can say calmly and definitely, "That sort of thing never happens in this school." One of our eighth-grade girls said recently of her public school, "Last year we had a grand teacher. She didn't get red in the face and holler at you, but we were good for her because she'd take us out and talk to us so that we'd feel like crying and we loved her." And a boy said, "Sometimes you get good teachers at public school, but hardly ever so good as here, because here they're so interested in you."

It is for such teachers of power that the profession of religious education is crying out for and that the lives of boys and girls need. How else shall they come to know him, "whom to know aright is life eternal"?

A JUNIOR PROGRAM OF WORSHIP[1]

By Edna Crandall

The author has used these programs with good results with a junior-intermediate group in a church building, the space arrangement of which did not permit the separation of these groups for the opening service of worship

Theme for the Month
THE VICTORIOUS LIFE

First Sunday—Christ's life the Perfect Life.

Second Sunday—The Children's Part (Palm Sunday).

Third Sunday—The Risen Christ (Easter).

Fourth Sunday—Christ's Kingdom Victorious (Missionary).

First Sunday

Theme: Christ's Life the Perfect Life.

Piano Prelude

Opening Sentence

At the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Hymn—*Crown him with many crowns.*

Scripture—In the beginning was the word. (John 1: 1-18.)

Prayer

We offer unto thee, O Lord, our praises and thanksgivings for all thy mercies multiplied upon us, more than we can number and far greater than we can express. More especially do we praise thee for those spiritual blessings which thou hast revealed to us in the life of thy dear Son. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which thou, O God, hast prepared for those that love thee. Give us grace to love thee more and more, till we come to thine everlasting kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. (*Service and Prayers*, Wilbur P. Thirkield, copyright, 1918.)

Prayer Hymn

O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee,
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live. Amen.

Offertory Service

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

(Offertory—Music)

Response

All things come of thee, O Lord,
And of thine own have we given thee.
Amen.

Hymn—*Light of the world, we hail thee.*

Recessional

Second Sunday

Theme: The Children's Part (Palm Sunday).

Piano Prelude—*The Palms.*

Call to Worship

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Response—*Gloria Patri.*

Hymn—*Hosanna be the children's song.*

Scripture—The triumphal Entry. (Mark 11: 1-11.)

Prayer

Our Father, as on this day we keep the memory of our Redeemer's entry into the city, so grant, O Lord, that now and ever he may triumph in our hearts. Let the King of grace and glory enter in, and let us lay ourselves and all we are in full and joyful homage before Him; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. (Handley C. G. Moule in *A Book of Prayers*, published by the Cong. Com. on Evangelism and Devotional Life.)

Prayer Hymn

(149—Hymnal for Am. Youth.)

Lord, as we thy name profess,
May our hearts thy love confess;
And in all our praise of thee
May our lips and lives agree. Amen.

Offertory

All the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's: it is holy unto the Lord.
Of all that thou shalt give us, we will give the tenth to thee.

(Offertory—Music)

Response

Of thine own we offer,
Of thy gifts we give,
Unto thee, O Father,
In whose life all live. Amen.

Hymn—*All glory, laud and honor.*

Recessional

Third Sunday

Theme: The Risen Christ (Easter).

Piano Prelude—*I Know that My Redeemer Liveth.*

Opening Sentences

I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:
And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Hymn—*Christ the Lord is risen today.*

Scripture—The Resurrection Story. (Luke 24: 1-9.)

Prayer

O gracious Lord, who at this time didst raise thy Son Jesus Christ with power from the grave, raise us up, we beseech thee, from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. Revive our faith and make us followers of him who hath taken away the "sin of the world; who by his death hath destroyed death, and by his rising to life again hath restored to us everlasting life." Hear us, O merciful Father, we pray thee, for the sake of our risen Saviour, to whom, with thee and the Holy Spirit, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen. (*Service and Prayers*, Wilbur P. Thirkield, copyright, 1918.)

Prayer Hymn

Holy Spirit, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

[1]Copyright, 1924, by Edna Crandall.

Holy Spirit, love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire. Amen.

Offertory Service

Lord Jesus, from the cross we seem to hear thee say, "This I did for thee, what hast thou done for me?" Receive our gifts today as tokens that we who give are ready to bear the cross for thee. Amen. (Adapted from *Service and Prayers*, Wilbur P. Thirkield, copyright, 1918.)

(Offertory—Music)

Response

All things come of thee, O Lord,
And of thine own have we given thee. Amen.

Hymn—*The Day of Resurrection.*

Recessional

Fourth Sunday

Theme: Christ's Kingdom Victorious.

Piano Prelude

Call to Worship

The earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.
The kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

Response (Tune—*Old Hundred*)

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

Hymn—*Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning.*

Scripture—Psalm 96—O sing unto the Lord a new song.

Prayer

O heavenly Father, we behold the promise of thy redemption. We long for the coming of thy kingdom; for the salvation of all men, and for the conversion of the kingdoms of this world into the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ. For the working out of this, thy purpose, endow thy children, we beseech thee, with humility, faith, self-denial and spiritual power, that all we are and have may be at thy command until redemption shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. And this we ask for thy love's sake. Amen. (From *The Fellowship of Prayer* for 1922, published by the Com. on Evangelism and Devotional Life, 287 Fourth Ave., N. Y.)

Prayer Hymn

Father in heaven, hear us today,
Hallowed thy name be, hear us we pray,
O let thy kingdom come, O let thy will be done,
By all beneath the sun, as in the skies.

Offertory Service

O Master, in this wondrous day, when millions purchase with their blood the things we hold most dear, can we dare be satisfied with this gift we offer thee? Help us too to wear the armour, the whole armour of our God, and go forth to win for all the world the things his love hath bought. Amen. (Dean L. J. Birney in *Service and Prayers*, Thirkield.)

(Offertory—Music)

Response

Bless thou the gifts our hands have brought,
Bless thou the work our hearts have planned,
Ours is the faith, the will, the thought,
The rest, O God, is in thy hand. Amen.

Hugh Hartshorne, in *Book of Worship*, copyright, 1915, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

Hymn—*The morning light is breaking.*

Recessional

GOOD BOOKS for INTERMEDIATES

By Marion H. Chatfield

IF classes in your school are studying the Intermediate Courses of the International Graded Lessons, you will be especially interested in these book lists, suggesting through-the-week reading for the pupils. The lists will be valuable, however, to all leaders of young people. Similar lists for succeeding quarters will be published in later numbers of THE CHURCH SCHOOL.

The note which accompanies the name of each book gives some indication of the contents, but the teacher alone can decide when the book should be introduced to the pupil. The comments are not intended as a substitute for the teacher's personal knowledge of the book. Any such list undoubtedly will have to be modified to meet the needs of each class, but these books may serve as a starting point in helping teachers to find the best for their special groups.

Year 1 (12 years) Gospel Stories

Lesson Material for the Year

1. Gospel of Mark
2. Gospel of Mark
3. Missionary Stories
4. The Acts of the Apostles

Aim for the Year: To present Jesus as our example and Saviour, to show that the Christian life is a life of service, to deepen interest in the Book which contains God's message to the world.

Hunting, *Story of Our Bible*

This book is recommended as a story for the family to read together during the year. The good literary style and the easy narrative fashion with which it is written makes it an excellent book to read aloud. It not only retells the main story of the Bible but it describes how we came to have it in the present form.

THIRD QUARTER

1. **White,** *Children of the Lighthouse*

A boy and girl live without playmates on a lighthouse island. They have adventures through letters which they receive from children in mission schools in Porto Rico, Cuba, and Mexico. The story of the Bible in these countries is brought out.

2. **Applegarth,** *Friday's Footsteps*

A man from Bush, nicknamed Friday by a little girl, follows the Jesus footsteps. When he dies many men say that they will follow Friday's footprints in the Jesus way. There are footprint stories from many lands, all well and entertainingly written.

3. **Waln,** *The Street of Precious Pearls*

A story, well told, centering round the family life and customs of China.

4. **Mathews,** *The Book of Missionary Heroes*

Tales of people like Wilfred of Sussex, Saint Francis of Assisi, Mary Slessor, and Livingstone, who conquered wild beasts and wild men with the love of God.

5. **French,** *Lance of Kanana*

Almost a classic. Kanana, the son of an Arabian sheik, is branded a coward because he prefers the lot of a shepherd to that of a warrior. "Only for Allah and Arabia will I lift a lance and take a life." Opportunity for him to show his worth comes and he dies to save Arabia. He is lauded as a hero only after his death.

6. **Hough,** *Young Alaskans*

A story of boys on the seacoast of Alaska in which they prove themselves to be men.

7. **Duncan,** *Dr. Luke of the Labrador*

In reality Dr. Luke is Dr. Grenfell. The story is of the self-sacrificing work which a doctor did in the fishing villages in Labrador.

(Continued on page 330)

EASTER DAY

BY ELIZABETH CUSHING TAYLOR

Two eyes have I with which to see
This lovely Easter Day;
The Easter lilies pure and white,
And all the blossoms gay.

Two ears have I with which to hear
The bells for Easter ring.
The gladness of the day is told
Within the songs we sing.

Two lips have I that form a prayer
To him who dwells above,
And gave this blessed Easter Day
As token of his love.

One heart have I wherein I feel
The gladness of this day.
I see and hear and sing the joy,
And gratefully I pray.

"NOW THERE WAS A GARDEN"

An Easter Story for Primary Children

By
Jessie Eleanor Moore

IT was a holiday in the city. Crowds and crowds of people, some on donkey back, some on camel back and some walking had come to Jerusalem to keep the feast. The doors of the Temple swung open and the people went up the steps to tell their thanks to God.

But that was not the only reason for the stir in the city. "Jesus is coming! He rides into the city today," said the people as they hurried to and fro on the streets. "Let us go to meet him." And each man told his friend until every one had heard it. And the children heard it too. "Jesus is coming!" said the big children to the little ones. "Let us go to meet him." So every one got ready to greet Jesus.

The children ran to Joseph's garden. "Will you give us of your flowers?" they called to the gardener. "We go to join the procession.

"Alas!" answered the gardener. "My lilies do not yet bloom, although I have tended them with the greatest care. You will have to pick your flowers in the fields."

So the children ran away and picked what flowers they could find and when Jesus came riding on the donkey they joined the procession, strewing the flowers in his way and singing "Hosanna! Hosanna!" with the big people.

As the children ran in and out amid the crowds keeping holiday on the streets, they often saw Jesus. They watched the things he did. They saw the blind man come feeling his way along and they saw him again after his eyes were open and he could look into the faces of his friends. They heard the stories Jesus told, about the good shepherd who walked so far to find his sheep, about the man riding on a donkey who helped the man whom the robbers hurt, and about the lily growing in the field. And the children loved Jesus.

Then came a day when Jesus' friends talked together in low tones and shook their heads and looked troubled. Now and again a soldier hurried through the streets. And the children listened and wondered. What could be the matter? As they came by Joseph's garden they saw the gardener at work.

"Why do you work so late in the garden?" called the children. "It is almost sunset."

"Joseph's friend Jesus comes here to rest in the little room in the great rock yonder," answered the gardener. "The gardener must be ready for him."

"To rest?" echoed the children. "Why?"

"Some of the people did not love him and they hurt him so that he died," replied the gardener.

"Oh!" said the children. "Not love him! How strange! We love him. He loves little children. Once he held them in his arms even when his friends were cross and tried to send them away. And once he made a boy well who was sick with a fever so that he could play again."

"Ah, yes!" said the gardener, "but all did not love him. His friends will bring him soon, before the sun is set, and my lilies bloom not yet, even with all my care."

One morning dawned and then another and the children missed seeing Jesus' beautiful face among the crowds. And the second morning was Easter, only no one called it Easter then. When the children came to the garden they saw the gardener moving about among the flowers.

"Where is he?" the children called.

"He is not here," answered the gardener. "His friends say 'He is risen!'"

"Will we see him again?" asked the children.

"His friends have seen him and they know that he lives," answered the gardener. "My lilies live too and the heavenly Father cares for all," he went on, nodding his head toward the great rock. And there by the rock where the lily leaves grew were flowers, white and purple.

"He walked among the lilies this morning, I think," said the smallest child.

And the children ran away. They thought they would be very lonely, but as the days came and went they found out that Jesus was often near them. Whenever they loved some one as Jesus did, whenever they did a kindly deed as Jesus did, they said "Lo! Jesus is here!" And that's the way it has been ever since.

APRIL AND THE EASTER MESSAGE[1]

A Program for the Primary Department

By Lucy Stock Chapin

IN many sections of our country April is a transition time between winter and summer. While March is a month of promise, April brings the fulfillment of the promise. Life is manifest everywhere and nature is calling the children to come out and revel in her gifts.

"For, lo, the winter is past;
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come."

Life in nature is a natural theme for the month, but this alone is not enough, for Easter comes in April, and for primary children the Easter message should be more than that of new life as seen in nature.

There is no question as to the value of sharing with the children the joy in the return of life after the long months of sleep. The trees that were bare and apparently dead have taken on new life and ere the month is gone are clothed in green. Many of the seeds and bulbs that have been pushing their way up through the soil during March are beginning to bloom. In garden, field and wood the flowers have appeared. Crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths, hepaticas, bloodroot and dandelions are smiling in the bright sunshine. The birds have left the southland and are back once more, singing their glad songs. Released from their silken cradles the butterflies are flitting here and there among the flowers. On every hand there is life.

To stimulate the children's thought and appreciation teachers may well use such stories as:

Inside the Garden Gate, in *Mother Stories*, Lindsay.
Story of the Small Green Caterpillar and the Beautiful White Butterfly, in *Story Land*, Harrison.
The Boy Who Discovered the Spring, in *Why the Chimes Rang*, Alden.
The Little Brown Berry, in *Stories and Rhymes for a Child*, Bailey.
A Lesson of Faith; Not Lost, but Gone Before, in *Parables from Nature*, Gatty.
An Easter Surprise, in *Story Telling Time*, Danielson.
The Walnut Tree that Wanted to Bear Tulips, in *Kindergarten Stories and Morning Talks*, Wiltse.
The Easter Lily, in *A Course for Beginners in Religious Education*, Rankin.
Snowflake and Snowdrop, in *Outdoor Story Book*, Bailey.
The Garden that Awoke, in *The King's Highway Series: The Way of the Gate*, Sneath, Hodges and Tweedy.
The Little Seed, in *Half a Hundred Stories*, Milton Bradley Co.
A Story of Easter. The Time of the Singing of Birds, in *A Second Primary Book in Religion*. The Abingdon Press.

There is no question about the children's getting the idea of new life coming in the springtime, but our purpose should be to make the thought of the continuance of life in nature the basis for teaching of the continuance of human life.

To primary children there is a mystery and sacredness about Easter. Immortality and resurrection mean little to them, but they are ready for the teaching that shall interpret these things which are vaguely felt.

Every child comes sooner or later face to face with death and he comes to think of it either with horror or to appreciate the thought that the person is not in the body that was placed in the grave, but that he has gone to live forever with the heavenly Father.

It is easy and perfectly natural for children to think of people as living on forever. In fact they are unable to think of life for them as ending. Easter is the teacher's opportunity to emphasize the joy and certainty of endless life. There is no better way of teaching that the life begun here is continued with the heavenly Father than by using the stories of Jesus' resurrection and return to the Father, furnished in the lessons of this month.

On Easter Sunday or on the last Sunday of the month the superintendent or a chosen person may well tell the story of Jesus' life, illustrating it with large pictures which she will show after each incident is told.

The response of the children to the teachings of the month should be a feeling of joy in the new life of nature, contentment and peace as they think of their own future life, a desire to live as God would have them and thus show their worthiness to live with him in his heavenly home and a desire to share their joy with others.

Easter falls on the third Sunday of the month and in many schools the children of the Primary Department will meet with other members of the school for a general Easter service. If these children are to receive the greatest help at Easter time it is quite necessary that on one Sunday they have a service of their own. Such a service may be arranged for the Sunday before or the Sunday after Easter.

Room Decorations

Throughout the month of April place about the room, on blackboard, walls, screens and windows, the borders, runners, posters and window decorations which the children made during the pre-session periods in March and may continue to make during April.

Encourage children and teachers to bring in from out-of-doors pussywillows, buds, flowers, cocoons, last year's birds' nests and spring pictures. All of these things will add attractiveness to the room and interest to the programs and lessons.

A picture of Easter lilies or one depicting the resurrection story will be appropriate for mounting on the birthday calendar.

Pre-Session Work

During the pre-session periods in April there are many things for the children to make both as gifts and for beautifying the room. If they did not make many flower borders or posters in March or if they wish to continue making them they may color and cut daffodils and lilies and arrange them as a border about one or more of the pictures of Jesus. (See the March number for a pattern of daffodils and butterflies.)

They should be encouraged and helped to make Easter gifts to be sent to sick members of the department, parents, shut-ins and children in hospitals.

Patterns for place cards or greetings may be found in *The Mayflower Program Book*, No. 45 (Pilgrim Press, Boston, Mass.), and will be of interest to children. In the same book patterns 44, 46, 47 and 48 are appropriate for Easter gifts.

A little Easter box, pattern 66 in *The Second Mayflower Program Book* (Pilgrim Press), is a particularly attractive gift for children to make. When completed these boxes may be filled with candy eggs.

All of the cards and gifts should be completed and given on Easter Day.

Each class or pre-session work group may keep a spring calendar and as the children see new birds or find new flowers they will be recorded. Throughout all the spring months bird scrapbooks may be made, the children bringing pictures of birds and pasting them in the books each Sunday. Each week the teacher will write below the picture or on the other side of the page the children's observations and tell a bird story as they work. For helpful suggestions see the chapter on Bird-Lore in *Programs, Plays, Songs, Stories*, by Mollie Cullom Walker.

This period before the session also

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affords an opportunity to tell the children some of the stories suggested under "April and the Easter Message" and for singing the spring and Easter songs.

Building the Program

The purpose of the April programs will be to interpret death in terms of life and to bring joy to the children through the thought that Jesus is living, loving and helping them, and to lead them to express their joy and their love for him.

See the March program for suggestions concerning the rearrangement of the first-grade lessons so that the appropriate lesson will be taught on Easter Sunday.

The third-grade pupils have for extra memory work this month the correlated lesson, Mark 16: 1-7. It will be well to assign this work to the children on the first Sunday if they have not already begun the memorization. Suggest to them that they learn one verse a day. They will then be ready to recite and drill on it on the second Sunday. As an incentive to their doing this extra work at home all of the third-year children who have memorized the story well may be given the privilege of reciting it as a feature of the program on Easter Sunday.

There are many desirable seasonal and Easter songs from which the superintendent should make a selection for use during the month. The following list may be of help, but it must be remembered that only one or two new songs should be taught. Songs used in previous years may be reviewed and will be enjoyed even better than the new.

From Songs for Little People
- A Prayer for Each Season (first verse). No. 10.
- The Waking of the Flowers. No. 154.
- Flowers. No. 115.
- The Bird's Year. No. 148.
- Robin Redbreast. No. 111.
- Queer Cradles. No. 118.
- Easter Day. No. 70.
- God Is Love. No. 76.
- Easter Carol. No. 71.
- All Things Bright and Beautiful. No. 15.
- He Cares for Me. No. 12.

From Child-Land in Sunday School
- Easter Bells. Page 49.
- Spring Is Here. Page 33.

From Carols
- Waiting to Grow. Page 32.

From A First Book in Hymns and Worship
- 'Tis God Who Sends the Spring. No. 38.
- When the Spring Is Wreathing Flowers. No. 40.
- Fair as the Meadows. No. 41.
- The Beautiful Bright Sunshine. No. 43.
- A Wonderful Change. No. 90.
- Christ Is Risen. No. 94.

From Melodies
- New Life. Page 26.
- Springtime. Page 28.
- Easter. Page 30.
- Christ Is Risen. Page 32.

From Songs of the Seasons
- The Glad Easter Message. Page 3.
- Easter Praise. Page 7.
- Easter Morning. Page 11.

If the children do not know "All Things Bright and Beautiful," it may well be the new song to be learned and sung all through the spring, a little time being given to the teaching each Sunday.

Continue the use of pictures. Place upon the board a picture depicting one of the Easter stories and beside it a nature picture of flowers, birds or butterflies and under them write:

"The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flow'rs are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing,
The Lord of all things lives anew
And all his works are living too,
Alleluia! Alleluia!"

—*John Mason Neale.*

The memory texts of all three grades are particularly beautiful and adapted for use in the programs of the month. They should be woven into all of the programs.

Continue the emphasis upon the Easter offering, encouraging the children to bring their contributions toward the special fund every Sunday rather than on Easter Sunday alone.

The receptacle for this offering may be the same as used in March or it may be changed to give variety and add interest. If a flower trimmed basket was used in March different flowers may be substituted for April, or a plate, box or bank may take the place of the basket.

An April Program

I. Service of Worship

1. Prelude. Music of "The Waking of the Flowers." No. 154, *Songs for Little People.*

2. A Call to Praise

SUGGESTIONS FOR SPRING POSTERS

These posters were made by a superintendent of a Primary Department in a Kansas City Sunday School

Leader—

"Come, ye people, lift your voices,
From each heart let worship rise;
Unto God our great Creator,
Offer thanks and give him praise."
Joyful Praise. Page 46, *Carols.*

Children—

It is a good thing to give thanks unto Jehovah,
And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.
He is risen.
The Lord is risen indeed.
He hath made everything beautiful in its time.
Behold, I am alive for evermore.
Because I live, ye shall live also.
I go to prepare a place for you.
Lo, I am with you always.

3. Song—"All Things Bright and Beautiful." No. 15, *Songs for Little People*, or No. 44, in *A First Book in Hymns and Worship.*

4. Prayer Service.

a. *Preparation.*

On this Easter Sunday every little flower seems to be singing something. Listen! (Superintendent sings from *Songs for Little People.* No. 70.)

"Each flower lifts up its face to say, 'It's Easter Day.'"

Why are we happy on this Easter morning? Because the winter is past and spring is here. Because the sun is shining warm and bright. Because the flowers and birds and butterflies have come again. Because our Father "hath made everything beautiful in its time." Because Jesus is living and loving us all. Let us bow our heads and thank our Father.

b. *Prayer.*

Our Father, we thank thee for the springtime. We thank thee for the sunshine which thou art sending to help the plants and flowers grow. We thank thee for the birds and for the new life all about us. We thank thee for Jesus and for his love. We thank thee for Easter Day. May all people learn to know and love thee. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

5. Song—"The Little Flowers Came Through the Ground," found in The *Methodist Sunday School Hymnal*, and in The Church School, March, 1923.

6. Offering Service.

a. Speak of the special Easter offering and of the object toward which it is to go. The gifts which have been made during the pre-session periods may be shown to the department or spoken of if they have already been sent away.

b. Presentation of offering.

c. Offering Song—"'Give,' said the Little Stream." No. 87, *Songs for Little People.*

d. Prayer.

e. Song Response. No. 89, *Songs for Little People*, also The Church School, October, 1923. Page 8.

All things come from thee, O Lord,
And of thine own have we given thee.

II. First Lesson Period

III. Assembly Period

1. Birthday Service.

Use the service that was used in March. The seal for the birthday calendar will be a lily.

2. Special Feature.

Story—*The Promise*, The Church School, March, 1923, or one of the stories in this issue.

3. Song—A familiar Easter Song.

IV. Second Lesson Period

V. Closing Service

1. Recitation of the Resurrection Story. Mark 16: 1-7 by third-year pupils.

2. Prayer.

Our Father in heaven, we thank thee for this special day when we remember Jesus. We thank thee for our happy time together. Help us to be good and true and kind and loving, like Jesus. Amen.

3. Song—"Closing Prayer." No. 98, *Songs for Little People.*

"Dear Father, bless each little child,
And keep us all, we pray,
Safe in thy loving care, until
Another Sabbath Day."

A Word from the Children

The Easter Story

EVERY boy and girl that attends the Ottawa Street M. E. Church school ought to know the Easter Story. We were asked to learn it in the Primary Department. It is found in Mark 16: 1-7.

Our heavenly Father loved us so much that he sent his dear Son to be our friend and helper. Jesus was always loving and helpful. He went about doing good. We would think every one would have loved Jesus. But some wicked men did not love him. They took away his life which had made so many people happy. Some friends put the body of Jesus in a cave in a garden. A great stone was rolled in front of the cave. Then the man who loved Jesus went home very sad.

Early on Sunday morning some women came to the garden where the men had put the body of Jesus. They brought sweet perfume to put around Jesus. They were worried when they thought of the stone at the door of the cave. But when they were near enough to see they saw that the stone was rolled away and an angel sat upon it. The angel spoke very kindly to the frightened women, and said, "Be not afraid, Jesus is not here. He is alive and well again. Go and tell his friends that they shall see him again."

As the women hurried away they met Jesus and he spoke lovingly to them and then sent them to tell his friends that he was alive.—Bertha Paterson, Second Year Primary.

Dear Heavenly Father:

We thank thee for all thou hast done for us, and for the gift of thy Bible and thy Son, for if we did not have these two precious gifts, we would not know thy word, what thou dost want us to do, or we would not know how thou dost love us. We thank thee for giving us self-control, we thank thee for our fathers and mothers, and for this fair and beautiful earth thou hast given us to live on. We ask it in Jesus' name.—Amen.—Agnes A. Watters, Third Year Primary.

Suggestions from a Teacher

Things Children Can Do

During the past year, we found we could avoid late comers if we gave the early children something pleasant to do. Probably two of the most fascinating cards made will be of interest to other teachers looking for something children can do.

Easter Cards

For Easter cards we used the little bunnies found on the corners of the paper napkins at Easter time.

The bunny is cut out by the child. A small piece of cotton (which made the little figure stand out in relief) was rolled out the height of the bunny and placed under the center of the cut-out. It was then pasted down all around the edges on a white bristol board card, cut $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$. The words "Easter Greeting" were previously stenciled on the card by the teacher and were colored by the child. After the cards were completed the children wrote their own messages on the back and carried them home to their mothers.

Sea Shell Cards

The teachers stenciled outlines of sunbonnet babies (minus the sunbonnets) on cards (same size as those used at Easter

(Continued on page 333)

BROWN BULBS AND EASTER FLOWERS

An Easter Play for Little Children

By Elizabeth H. Wyman

Daffodil, Hyacinth, Tulip, Easter Lily, Spring Wind, and Gardener

CHARACTERS

Hyacinth.
Easter Lily.
Daffodil.
Tulip.
Gardener.
Spring Wind.

(*In first scene flowers appear as bulbs; in second as blossoms.*)

SCENE I

(*Group of brown bulbs are huddled together with heads drooping dejectedly.*)

Hyacinth (*Sighing*): I'd rather be pretty than anything else in the world.

Easter Lily: When I go to sleep I see something tall and white and beautiful. I don't know what it is, but I wish—I *wish* I looked like that.

Hyacinth: Last night I dreamed too. I couldn't see anything, but everywhere there was the loveliest odor. I can shut my eyes and smell it now. (*Closes eyes and draws in breath.*)

Daffodil: I dreamed that the grass was growing green and the bluebirds and robins were hopping about, and then I saw something yellow, bright and shining like the sun, and I looked down and I had on a beautiful yellow dress. Then I woke up and all I could see was this ugly brown coat. (*Begins to cry.*)

Tulip (*Sturdily*): Don't cry! What's the use? It won't make us look any better. Besides, looks don't matter so much. I want to swing back and forth in the breeze, but I can't. I'm too heavy and clumsy. I think that once upon a time I had a long green stem so that I could dance when the breeze blew upon me, but I must have lost it somewhere, and now I'm just as badly off as the rest of you.

Hyacinth: Sh! Somebody's coming! (*Enter Gardener in green smock and shade hat with trowel in her hand.*)

Gardener: Oh, you lovely things!

All (*Incredulously*): Lovely!

Hyacinth: We're so dull!

Easter Lily: And brown!

Daffodil: And nobody ever looks at us!

Tulip: And we can't swing in the breeze!

Gardener: But just wait until I've planted you in the earth and tended you through the months of winter. Then the cold winds will go back to their home in the north and the south wind will blow and the snow will melt and the grass grow green. And you—you don't know how lovely you will be.

Easter Lily (*Shyly*): May I have a white dress?

Gardener: As white as the snow.

Hyacinth: And will people smell my fragrance?

Gardener: They will.

Tulip (*Confidently*): And I will laugh and dance when I feel the soft breeze on my face.

Daffodil: And my dress will shine like the sun. (*All clap their hands with joy. Curtain falls.*)

SCENE II At Easter Time

(*Rising curtain discloses Gardener, Easter Lily, Hyacinth, Daffodil and Tulip. The flowers are standing straight and motionless apart from one another. They are veiled in soft filmy green from head to foot.*)

Gardener (*Standing surveying them*): I have done my best. The south wind alone can bring them to life. Come, spring wind, and blow softly upon my flowers. (*Claps her hands.*)

(*Enter Spring Wind.*)

Spring Wind (*Runs in with outstretched arms and floating draperies*): I come from the south to waken the flowers from their long sleep. (*Goes to Daffodil and throws off her veil*): Wake and shine in the sun, bright Daffodil.

Daffodil (*Opens her eyes and looks down at herself. Claps her hands with joy*): Such a beautiful dress. I'm so happy.

Spring Wind (*Runs about Hyacinth. Lifts off her veil*): Spring has come, dear Hyacinth!

Hyacinth (*Opens her eyes*): Does this fragrance come from *my* petals?

Spring Wind: It does, dear Hyacinth.

Hyacinth: Oh, I love it! I'm so happy!

Spring Wind (*Again runs about and waves her draperies before Tulip. Lifts her veil. Tulip begins to sway to and fro without opening her eyes*): Wake up, gay Tulip.

Tulip (*Opens her eyes*): I thought I was dreaming. Blow upon me again, Spring Wind. (*Spring Wind waves draperies, running about Tulip with light movements. Tulip sways once more in rhythmic motion. Laughs with joy.*)

Spring Wind (*Approaches Lily with waving arms*): Awake, sweet Lily, from your winter's sleep. Easter time has come.

Lily (*Opens eyes slowly and smiles upon Spring Wind. Speaks dreamily*): Tall and white and beautiful. That's what I dreamed. (*Looks down upon herself in surprise.*) Am *I* tall and white and beautiful?

Spring Wind: You have the whiteness of the snow, the beauty of the moon and the fragrance of loving thoughts.

Lily: I am *so* happy!

Spring Wind (*To Gardener*): They are all awake and all are beautiful, thanks to your loving care. May their beauty make happy hearts wherever they go. (*Runs about stage with fluttering draperies and exits.*)

Gardener (*Repeats*): May their beauty make happy hearts wherever they go. You shall choose, dear flowers what shall become of you. Not far from here lies a little crippled boy. It will be many weeks before he can play again in the lovely outdoors.

Daffodil (*Eagerly*): Send me to him, please, dear Gardener. He'll think the sun has come to visit him.

Gardener (*Smiling*): With pleasure, bright Daffodil. (*After a pause.*) I know an old lady who is quite blind. She cannot see the beauty of the flowers. She can only feel—

Hyacinth (*Breaking in*): But she could smell my fragrance. Send me, dear Gardener.

Gardener: You are just the one, sweet Hyacinth. I know, too, a little boy who loves his mother so much that he has been saving his money to buy her a flower for Easter time. Who will go for him?

Tulip: I know the little boy will like me, and his mother too, and I will dance for them if they will put me where the south wind can blow upon me. Send me, dear Gardener.

Gardener: I will, gay Tulip. (*After a pause.*) I know a mother who has lost her little child. At this Easter time she is sending a flower to the church and when Easter day has passed it will go to some home that is dark and sad. Who will do this for her?

Easter Lily: My petals are white and pure like little children. I will go, kind Gardener, and then she will know that her little boy is only sleeping the way we did all the dark winter through.

(*Piano plays softly and flowers and gardener join in singing an Easter carol. As song ends curtain falls.*)

Suggested Carols

Easter Joy in Six Easter Carols. Published by Oliver Ditson Company.

A Wonderful Change, in A First Book of Hymns and Worship. Abingdon Press.

Easter Song, Songs for Little People.

Costume Suggestions

Bulbs: All in brown with brown stockings drawn over the shoes and a brown garment shirred at the neck, arms and knees and full enough to be stuffed out at the waist to represent the form of the bulb.

Gardener: In smock of dull green with broad shade hat.

Spring Wind: In fluttering draperies made of cheesecloth or surgeon's gauze tinted a pale shade of green to suggest the newly opening leaves.

Flowers: To give the illusion of flowers growing on their stems, stockings dyed a stem green should be drawn over the shoes and other stockings. The dresses should be straight, short slips of crepe paper in suitable colors, for the lily, white; for the daffodil, yellow; for the tulip, pink; and for the hyacinth, lavender. The blossom itself should frame the face. The foundation of the frame should be a close fitting cap snapped in place under the chin. The lily petals should curl back and the foundation cap be covered with yellow to represent the lily center. A fair child should be chosen. The tulip petals should frame the face more closely. The daffodil should be in two shades of yellow—the one framing the face closely and the other spreading out. The hyacinth should be indicated as nearly as possible by very small petals curled back and covering the cap closely. At the back of each cap should be a calyx of green leaves.

A MIRACLE

A True Incident that Was the Means of Developing Responsiveness in a Little Life

By M. Edna Lloyd

ALL summer, Adelyne, our new little first-year primary pupil, had been coming to church school. Every Sunday morning she was there early. She listened, but no one could get any response from her. No, she would not bring forward the offering box from her table, she did not care to hold the flags nor carry one for dismissal march, an honor craved by most of the children. It seemed, to those of us who knew her, that we would never find the responsive, interest-arousing spot in her nature.

It was late summer. Adelyne listened to stories of "God's loving kindness." She was taught the memory verses, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth"; "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." During the fellowship period, while reviewing these memory verses, I said, "Yesterday I met two little girls on the street. They were walking on tiptoe. I joined them. We all crept up very quietly to a flower, to watch one of the beautiful things our heavenly Father made for us. It was small, had two brown wings with gold and black marks, and flitted from flower to flower on the bush."

The children's eyes were big, their breaths held for a second, then a whispered chorus, from them.

"A butterfly, it was a butterfly!"

As I smilingly nodded assent, a little voice said, "Oh! Was it a *brown* butterfly?" It was Adelyne, responding for the first time.

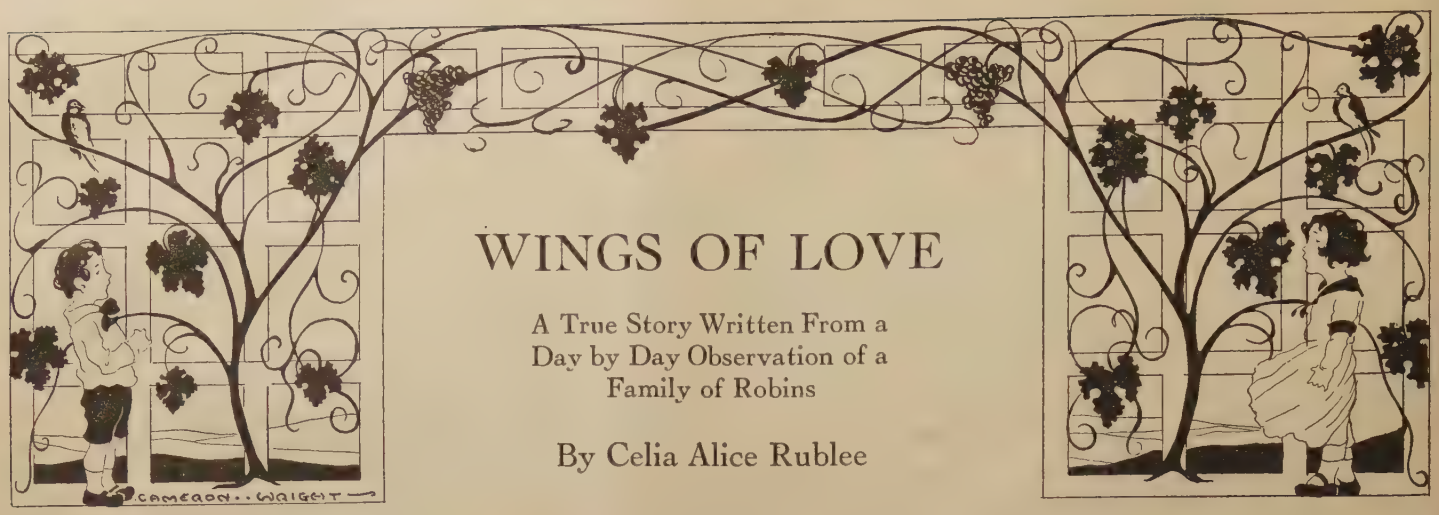
"Yes, Adelyne, a *beautiful, brown* butterfly."

A deep sigh, then, "Oh, I *wish* I had seen it! I've *never* seen a *brown* butterfly."

Just then, a third-year pupil pointed to my skirt, with such a happy expression on her face that I looked down. There, on the hem, was a *brown* butterfly. Not the milkweed friend just described, but a much smaller one. Placing my finger so that the butterfly would light on it I said, "Adelyne, I believe our heavenly Father has sent this little brown butterfly to our room this morning." Not another child left his seat, but she, of her own will, ran on tiptoe to look, and the radiant smile on her face spoke to us, although her lips were silent.

Only a few seconds did our little brown visitor poise on my finger, then, spreading its wings, it flew out the window into the bright sunshine.

We bowed our heads and softly sang, "Thank you, heavenly Father." To the children, it was a song of thanks for the butterfly. To us, as teachers, it was heartfelt thanks for the miracle that gave us a point of contact with Adelyne. From that time we could see a gradual unfolding and developing in responsiveness of that little life.



WINGS OF LOVE

A True Story Written From a Day by Day Observation of a Family of Robins

By Celia Alice Rublee

"SPRING o' the year! Spring o' the year!" called Robin Redbreast from the garden fence. Then in a softer tone he added, "I'd like to be nesting! I'd like to be nesting!"

He looked so gay in his red vest that it is no wonder that a certain little lady bird peeked at him from the grape arbor. She wore a dull dress and Robin's gay suit caught her eye. And such a voice as he had! She listened again, keeping herself hidden as best she could.

But Robin must have seen her, for again he sang out, only louder this time, "I'd like to be nesting! I'd like to be nesting!" and then very softly he added her name, "Cheer-up! Cheer-up!"

Cheer-up cocked her head on one side and pretended she didn't hear and Robin grew bolder and sang again, "I'd like to be nesting! Cheer-up! Cheer-up! With you! With you!"

Cheer-up flew away to the apple tree in the orchard and Robin after her. The secret was out!

What happened in the orchard is not our place to tell, for lovers do not like curious eyes. But anyway it was late in the day when they came back to the garden and they came back together. Then they flitted about from place to place in an excited fashion.

"Here! Here!" Cheer-up would call. Then Robin would fly to see.

"Just as you like," Robin would answer gallantly when Cheer-up shook her head and flew away.

At last Cheer-up found it—just the right spot, among the honeysuckle vines on the porch.

"See, Rob," said Cheer-up, "what a beautiful place; that piazza roof will keep the wind and rain off and we will get plenty of air and the morning sun, and just look what a fine big lawn and flower garden to get our food."

"But, Cheer-up, won't you be afraid of so many folks?"

"I guess not, Rob, it's such a nice building lot."

Then Robin flew away and brought one wisp of grass, Cheer-up flew away and brought another and they laid them together in the vine to mark the spot. Then it was bedtime and Robin flew to the apple orchard to go to bed. Cheer-up lingered for just one moment to take a last look at the nesting spot. Just then Mrs. Curiosity appeared at the door to see what all the chirping was about. Cheer-up stood still without moving and then, as the lady did the same, Cheer-up made up her mind that the lady was a friend and flew away.

"Oh, Rob, I was *so* frightened at first!" said Cheer-up as she lighted beside him on the apple tree. "I thought we would have to find another place to build, but the lady was very quiet. I guess she is friendly."

So the birds rested that night and got up very early the next morning. By six o'clock they had the nest under way so it was round and hollowed. My, how they worked! They stopped to rest a bit and to eat sometimes, but worked happily together most of the time. They had just one quarrel through all their home building. Cheer-up had gathered her grass for a trip when Rob came up and said, "Let me carry that for you."

And Cheer-up said, "No, I gathered this and it's mine to carry. You must pick up your own material." And then the first thing they knew they had lost it all. "Now, Cheer-up, see how foolish we have been and we've lost time. Now we can't finish our home so soon," said Rob. So Robin and his wife made up and didn't spend any more time quarreling. They worked busily and happily together; getting up early and going to bed early.

A shower had made a muddy place where they got the mud to use with the grass for their nest. The mud was heavy and it was hard to balance it on their bills and carry it to the nest, but the burdens were borne on wings of love. They shaped the nest with their bills and feet. After the grass and mud were put together in a perfect nest of just the right size it was lined with the finest, softest grass they could find. And then, after they had spent two days building the *best* home they could, they rested and played two days until the plaster dried. The next morning Rob perched on the limb of a tree in sight of the nest to guard Cheer-up from any enemies while she placed the first lovely blue egg in the nest.

Each day Master Curiosity set up a stepladder and the folks who lived in the house climbed up to peek in the nest. They always did this when the birds were away from home and they never left the stepladder for cats to climb. Finally there were three blue eggs and Robin took turns with Cheer-up sitting on the nest so that she might go out several times a day for exercise in the fresh air and select just the food she liked. As she came back from one trip and settled gracefully and contentedly on the nest she chuckled to herself and thought—"Dear Rob, he is so good to me, I couldn't tell him how wild-eyed and awkward he looks on the nest."

In just two weeks after Cheer-up placed the first egg in the nest there was a crack! and a funny little bird without feathers came out. How Robin and Cheer-up admired that tiny baby bird! They thought it very lovely.

"Do you think its mouth is a little too big, Rob?" said Cheer-up.

"No, Cheer-up, it's just exactly the right size and he is a beautiful baby. Some folks would not think so, but we know he is perfect."

Oh, how carefully they selected the baby's food that day. The tiniest worms they could find were fed to him and they watched him so tenderly to see that he did not choke. The next two days there were two other babies to feed with tiny worms while the oldest one had bigger ones. The children ate what was given them without finding any fault and so they grew beautifully and soon had gowns alike with brown backs and the fronts all polka dots.

One day Cheer-up said, "Rob, we'll have to teach Rob, Jr., not to be so selfish; he

(Continued on page 329)

"Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ that little Child."

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Glimpses of Jesus in Picture and Story for the Youngest Child
Copyright, 1924, by Jenny B. Merrill

63

Courtesy of the Missionary Education Movement

"Jesus loves the little children,
All the children in the world;
Red and yellow, black and white,
All are precious in his sight."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

See this kind shepherd!

He is carrying the little tired lamb.

How does the mother sheep talk to her little lamb?

"Baa—baa—baa."

I am sorry you are tired.

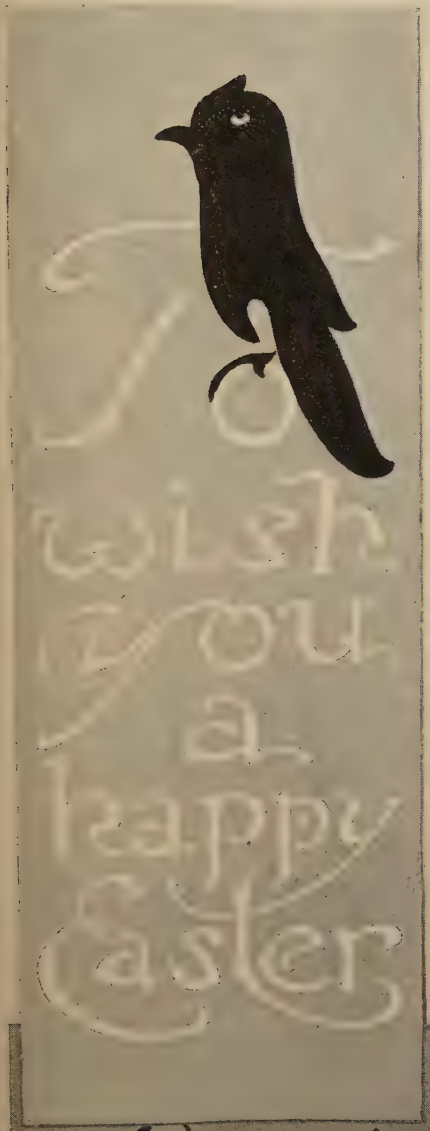
Baa, baa, is all that she can say, but it means, "I love you, my dear little lamb, Baa, baa, baa."

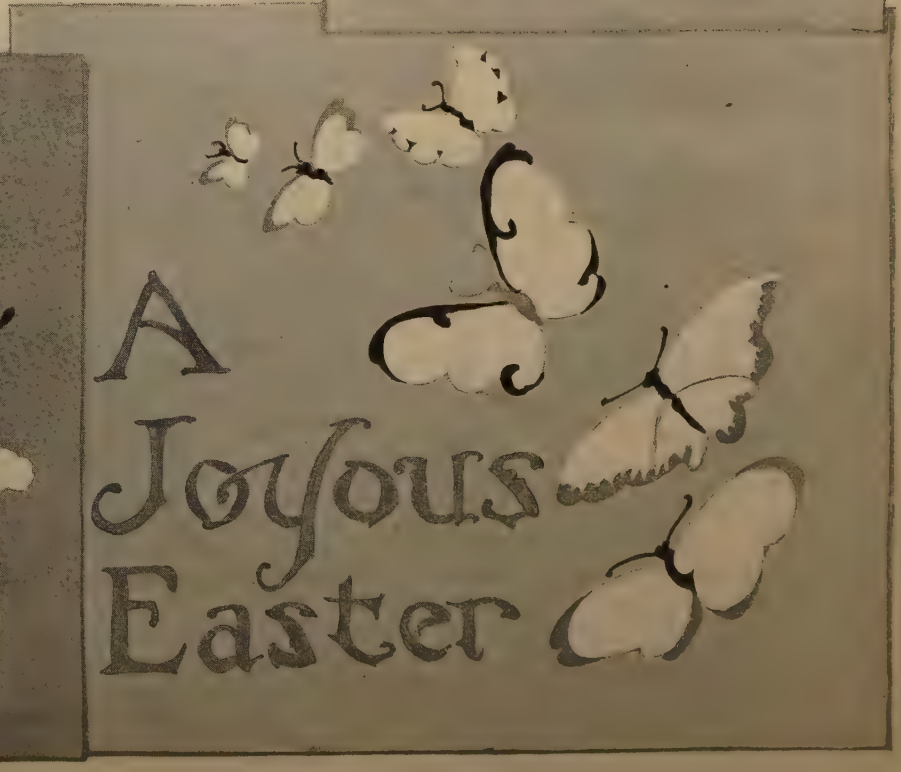
A CHRISTMAS HYMN

These boys are singing.
They have little books in their hands.
They are in a church.
They are singing about the dear baby
Jesus, for it is Christmas Day.
Christmas is Jesus' birthday.
"Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep in the hay."

EASTER CARDS AND POSTERS FOR CHILDREN TO MAKE

THE designs on this and the following page may be used in various ways to make posters and Easter cards. For cards use the smaller designs and for posters the larger ones. Trace the patterns on colored paper, cut out and paste on cards or large size pieces of cardboard of another color. A number of combinations of color may be used. The following are suggested: On a spring-yellow-green card paste pale yellow butterflies. Trace the letters and paint them in orange. Make edges of butterflies orange and bodies black. Cut a white lamb and paste on gray card. Paint letters in yellow or bright, light green. For the bunny card cut bunnies from white paper and paste them on a yellow or green background.





These designs may be too difficult for the smaller children to trace and cut without help, and may involve too much time for the work to be done in a pre-session period. If there are no week-day classes the children might be asked to come to the church-school room on some afternoon during the week preceding Easter Sunday to make the cards and posters. It would give the children pleasure to name the people to whom they would like to send the cards. The posters might be made to use as an Easter decoration for the department room, or the junior or primary children might make them for the Beginners' Department.

Book Reviews

A Travel Book for Juniors. Teacher's Manual. By HELEN PATTEN HANSON. The Abingdon Religious Education Texts for Week-Day Schools. The Abingdon Press. Price, $1; by mail, $1.10.

THE travel book itself was reviewed in the March number of THE CHURCH SCHOOL, 1922. Mrs. Hanson, the writer of these lessons, says they were written with a view to providing in a form acceptable to pupils approximately ten years of age a bulk of knowledge of the Bible and Bible lands, and at the same time presenting in heroic form ideals of life and conduct which shall capture the interest and imagination and thus serve to lay down a few concrete rules of living, to cultivate or reinforce desirable habits, and to encourage conduct of a Christianly social character. In *The Teacher's Manual* the procedure or method of presenting these lessons to the pupil is given very concisely and adequately. The variety of method is sufficient to keep even the most restless of impossible ten-year-olds interested to the very end of the course. The physical and mental powers as well as social limitations of the pupil have been kept well in mind in the planning of this material. Through a very fascinating play of make-believe the pupils are brought into very close touch with reality. The teacher is given in outline form the aim of each lesson; the points of emphasis; the procedure of presentation; and the activity. Several reference books are suggested with each chapter for further study. The introduction to the book is a condensed child psychology study, and forms a background for the lesson presentation.

Religious Dramas, 1924. Selected by The Committee on Religious Drama of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The Century Co. Price, $2.

The growing interest in religious drama has expressed itself in increasing demands from churches and communities asking for religious plays and pageants suitable for amateur production. It is significant that this demand does not come out of a desire for entertainment only, but chiefly from those interested in religious education and from young people's groups organized for some educational purpose.

The plays in this volume have been selected with regard to religious message, dramatic technique, literary quality, and educational merit, and plays of three types have been chosen: first, biblical dramas and episodes; second, fellowship plays and pageants, centering around Christian community building both at home and abroad; and, third, extra-biblical plays for the individual spiritual life.

Wings of Love

(Continued from page 324)

took his sister's dinner right away from her, and you must remember just whose turn it is to be fed."

Father Robin helped take care of the children and Mother Robin helped earn the living. They always worked together and they taught the children to be neat about the nest and to care for their clothes. As the children grew they were left alone for longer times than at first, but they had such appetites that it took many trips of both birds with food to satisfy them; but the wings of love bore Rob and Cheer-up cheerfully on their flights.

When the first baby was two weeks old, Cheer-up got on a wire opposite the nest and called—"Come, come, come," and about half-past six in the morning Rob, Jr., spread his wings and made his first flight. He couldn't balance perfectly, for the birds had filled the nest so full there was no room for them to grow tail feathers, and then, they might have put each other's eyes out with them.

After Rob, Jr., left the nest the other children ate again and then Twitter left, and poor little Weenie had to be coaxed and coaxed before she could be persuaded to try her wings. She had to rest in the fretwork of the veranda before making her daring flight way to the roof of the next house where she was met by daddy and escorted clear to the top of the roof. My, but it took courage to fly from there! But away she flew. And the little birds came back to the nest again. They were quite grown up.

While the children were donning long-tailed coats and brighter vests, the parents fed them and taught them how to hunt their own food and many things about life.

"Look, children," said Rob, "some of the *best things* are out of sight and to have them you must *dig them for yourselves.*" And the little Robins all remembered just what Father Robin said, for always after that there were five robins in the garden, each one digging worms for himself.

Stories to Tell

STORIES OF IMMORTALITY

Not Lost But Gone Before, in THE CHILDREN'S STORY GARDEN, by Anna Pettit Broomell, for juniors.

The White Lily, in THE GOLDEN GOBLET, by Jay T. Stocking, for juniors.

A Lesson of Faith, in PARABLES FROM NATURE, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, for primary.

Plant Life in the Sea, in PARABLES FROM NATURE, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, for primary.

A Story of Easter, by Elizabeth Colson, in A SECOND PRIMARY BOOK IN RELIGION, for primary.

A Service for Easter

THE RESURRECTION

An Order of Worship for Easter

This service of Easter Day is the culmination of the Sunday School Evangelistic Program which began in January, and continues through Palm Sunday. This Order of Worship for Easter is a program with a World Vision and a challenge to Life Enlistment.

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A Pageant for Easter

THE EASTER PILGRIMS

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A picturesque, buoyant, yet reverent presentation of life as a Pilgrimage; suitable for production at Eastertide. Includes in its fabric many of the most beautiful Easter hymns of our Faith.

Price, net, 20 cents, postpaid.

Books for Easter

HILLTOPS IN GALILEE

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THE MASTER

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THE PASSION OF HERMAN

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By ARTHUR BENTON SANFORD

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THE FIRST EASTER

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TO EMMAUS AND BACK

By J. F. STOUT

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Good Books for Intermediates

(Continued from page 317)

Year 2 (13 years) Leaders of Israel

Lesson Material for the Year

1. Leaders of Israel
2. Leaders of Israel
3. Leaders of Israel
4. Religious Leaders in North America

Aim for the year: To bring before the pupils men of the Old Testament and men in North America who have lived heroic lives for God; and to help the pupils themselves to try the heroic life.

Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*

This book is suggested for the home reading for the year. It is much better appreciated if read aloud and talked of in the whole family group.

THIRD QUARTER

1. Richards, *Joan of Arc*

The heroine's loyalty to a very high ideal makes her biography applicable to this particular set of lessons.

2. Livingstone, *The White Queen of Okoyong*

The story of Mary Slessor, who served her African people so well that they called her their white queen. One of the most inspiring stories of loyalty and service.

3. Boyesen, *Against Heavy Odds*

A tale of Norse heroism. The sturdy lad succeeds against hatred and trickery.

4. Ferris, *The Magic Box*

A lively Negro boy with a big ambition to get a college education comes in contact with the Home Missionary Society. Besides picturing Negro problems and conditions, and telling of the work of Home Missions, there is an excellent example of everyday courageous living.

5. Barbour, *The Spirit of the School*

School honor is the keynote of this spirited story. It is well written.

6. Dix, *Betty-Bide-at-Home*

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has to stay at home. She finally attains success in writing. She and her mother come to a better understanding, a happy result of Betty's staying home.

7. **Wyss,** *Swiss Family Robinson*

The point of the story might be said to be: the way to family happiness is by every one doing his share of the day's work.

Year 3 (14 years) Christian Leaders

Lesson Material for the Year

1. Early Christian Leaders
2. Paul, The Missionary
3. Later Christian Leaders
4. Some Famous Friendships

Theme for the Year: Personal Allegiance to Christ and examples of loyal followers in history.

Forbush, *Boy's Life of Christ*

An exceptionally well written story which the whole family would enjoy. There is both color and imagination discreetly used, but there are no fictitious elements.

THIRD QUARTER

1. **Pyle,** *Otto of the Silver Hand*

A boy who lived and suffered in the Dark Ages came at last to stand over other men. Not strife or hatred brought him this success but rather gentleness and love.

2. **Dickens,** *Oliver Twist* or *David Copperfield*

Any of the Dickens books which picture the social conditions in England in the nineteenth century will make more vital the lessons of the quarter.

3. **Scott,** *Ivanhoe or others of Scott*

The Scott novels are useful in giving the nineteenth century atmosphere.

4. **Stein,** *Gabriel and the Hour Book*

Although this book is suitable for younger children it is a fascinating one for any age. Gabriel is a little French lad who assisted a monk in a gift for the king in those days when all books were illuminated by hand.

5. **Richards,** *Florence Nightingale*

This biography of Miss Nightingale brings out her womanliness.

6. **Applegarth,** *The Career of a Cobbler*

The story of William Carey. "In the teeth of separation from those nearest and dearest to him, of trouble, poverty, and certain death he set sail for India and there did his wonderful work."

The Pessimist and the Optimist

The pessimist says, all forlorn,
"There's never a rose without its thorn."
But the optimist, with heart elate,
Is glad of the rose at his garden gate,
And bending low, some dewy morn,
In its beauty's glow forgets the thorn.

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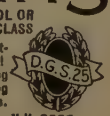

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A Cradle Roll Book

THE eight pages of the Cradle Roll book *Glimpses of Jesus in Picture and Story for the Youngest Child*, by Jenny B. Merrill, published on pages 325, 326, in this number, complete the book, the first installment of which was printed in the October, 1923, issue.

For the benefit of those who may be new subscribers the statement setting forth the purpose of the book is repeated:

Glimpses of Jesus in Picture and Story is not intended primarily as a reading book for children, but rather as a book to be read to those too young to read for themselves. Since, however, it is likely to prove of interest also to those a little older, the type has been chosen with this in view. Children just beginning to read will not find it difficult to spell the words, and to associate them with the pictures. Thus the book may serve as a Bible primer.

To make the book, cut out the page on the left. Fold bottom half of page under. Fold left side under. Cut folds at bottom and you will have eight small pages.

It is suggested that teachers and mothers make their own covers of some pretty shade of cover paper. Paste a picture of *Christ Blessing Little Children* on the outside cover, and use the pictures of *The Madonna of the Chair*, which will be found in the October, 1923, issue, one on the second and one on the third cover. The one on the third cover will come opposite the last page of the book which carries the verse:

"Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ that little Child."

Legend of the Graal

(Continued from page 299)

The Older Girl: Simply because he was his father, don't you see?

The Squire *looked away and weighed the words:* Because he is my Father. . . .

The Older Girl: And his father could not help forgive him if he was sorry, could he?

The Younger Girl: Well, what comes next?

The Older Girl: Oh, then the man was so happy, he went out and helped his father and all the neighbors and—and they all lived happily ever afterwards.

The Squire went to the girl, bent over her, and kissed her softly upon the brow, his questioning, sad features melted almost into repose. The Villein groaned.

The Boy: Father!

The Squire *sprang to the side of the man, the children following, and the Anchoress turned from her prayers.*

The Villein *whispered:* Water.

The Anchoress: Water!

The Squire: Water—from the stream! (*And he started for the door.*)

The Anchoress: There is water in the chalice.

The Squire *passed swiftly to the door and returned with the chalice. He pressed it to the lips of the man.* God save you. Poor man. Poor man. (*The hushed obligato of the organ seemed to grow clearer.*)

The Villein *for an instant held the cup from his lips: his eyes rested quiet and grateful upon the Squire.* God rest you, gentle knight.

As the man drank, behold a marvel: The cup began to glow.

The Squire *gazed in solemn amazement.* The Graal!

He reverently lifted the cup toward the altar and held it as in the elevation of the Host. The chalice presently became a ruddy red. The Villein lifted himself a little and looked, in infinite refreshment. The Anchoress bowed prostrate before the altar. The face of the Squire was transfigured.

The organ was in crescendo. The glowing chalice slowly absorbed all the light in the Chapel, so that it alone illumined the faces and forms grouped about and under it. The organ at the full pealed forth a triumph.

The Consequences

(Continued from page 304)

mankind. It was then that the consequences which followed obedience to the call to follow him, became mere incidents to be accepted, and the message to man became life itself.

We well know the consequences accepted by those brave spirits who dared follow Christ in the centuries long gone, accepted too by the courageous souls of days just past, and we know that, *because* of the consequences they accepted, the kingdom grew. And what of our day? It were well for the kingdom that Christ came to build if we who teach should also make the venture and accept the consequences.

Something Children Can Do

(Continued from page 321)

time) and the children colored the babies' dresses and aprons, and also the flower in the flower pot held in the hands of the baby. Then the final touch was put on—the sunbonnet. Some little friends at the seashore had sent us up a box of shells. We selected the small crinkled pink fan-shaped sea shells, which looked for all the world like little sunbonnets, and by filling the shell with a small piece of cotton we found it would stick to the card, making a most attractive and unusual appearance.

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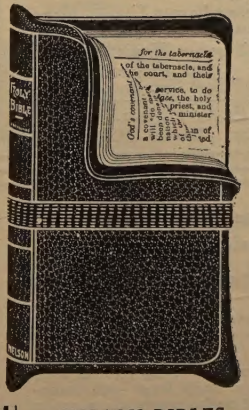

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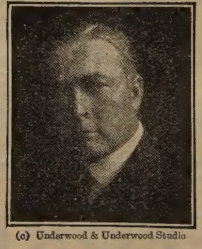

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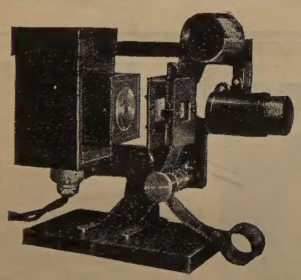

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The Ten Commandments

(Continued from page 311)

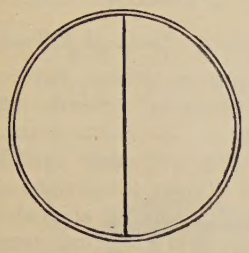
turrets connected by wavy lines of yellow desert barrenness, forming a background not unlike the biblical scene where long ago the children of Israel wandered when fleeing from the bondage of the Egyptian king, Pharaoh.

On the crest of the highest hill the great spectacular scenes were enacted. The City of Rameses, which Pharaoh forced the children of Israel to build to his glory and where they were held in subjection during the closing years of their captivity, covered over two and a half city blocks in length and was one hundred and sixty feet high. The approach to the City of Rameses is most impressive. A wide avenue is outlined by twenty-four immense figures of Sphinx, with their impenetrable countenances, and leads to the massive entrance, guarded by four huge statues of Pharaoh, twenty-five feet high. The chariots and horsemen, in relief on either side of the entrance, are proportionately large. The stiff branches of the giant palms loom over the parapet as though doing sentinel duty, and from windows and balconies hang richly colored rugs and gay draperies.

In the prologue the biblical story is followed through the long days of wandering in the wilderness to the Red Sea, guided by the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. Moses receives the Ten Commandments on Sinai, while the children of Israel, led by Aaron, engage in the worship of the calf of gold. Following the destruction of the golden calf and the breaking of the tablets, this marvelous prologue ends and the modern sequence begins. This shows an American mother reading the Ten Commandments to her two sons. The story is simply shown of the reaction of the two boys to the teachings of the commandments. One follows while the other rejects. The climax shows the results in modern life of worshiping the golden calf or of obeying the law of the commandments.

CHILDREN FROM MANY LANDS

To bring the message of international friendliness to the children of our schools and Sunday schools, the National Child Welfare Association has issued a set of ten beautiful pictures with verses, 11 x 14 inches, showing children at work or play in ten different countries. Pedro from Spain tells of the courtesy and kindness which all true Spaniards love, Miss Cherry-bloom says that in China "we love our parents so we couldn't disobey," and eight other happy children show the most loveable characteristics of their countries. The set may be obtained from the National Child Welfare Association, 70 Fifth Ave., New York, for $1, postpaid.



FIRST DAY

When all was darkness long ago,
God said, "Let there be light!"
And seeing both were very good,
He called them day and night.

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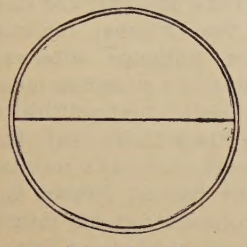
Price of "Teacher's Book of Instruction," 5 cents. Pupil's part, complete, 15 cents per set.

SEVENTH DAY

When God saw all his work was good,
The seventh day he blessed.
And said that this forevermore
Should be a day of rest.

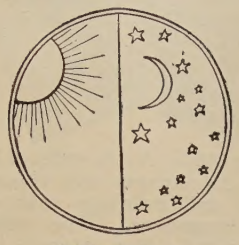


SECOND DAY

Thy sky, so blue and beautiful,
God made the second day;
The firmament he called it
And placed it o'er our way.

THIRD DAY

On the third day he spoke again,
Separating land and seas;
And the brown earth grew beautiful
With grass and flowers and trees.



FOURTH DAY

On the fourth day he made the sun,
A glorious king of light;
Likewise the moon and tiny stars
That shone throughout the night.

FIFTH DAY

The fifth day came, so long ago,
And again God spoke the word;
Then seas became the homes for fish,
The song birds' notes were heard.

SIXTH DAY

On the sixth day the animals
Came, according to his plan;
And last, and very best of all
In his image God made man

EASTER LILY STORY

The Easter Lily Story never grows old, and many Primary teachers use it every year. It is so simple, so attractive, and so satisfying that it grows in popularity as the years go by.

These illustrations and the story are printed in a large sheet and are to be cut out and pinned or pasted on a blackboard or dark sheet of cardboard. Commencing with the bulb, the teacher tells the story of the seed being buried in the ground, where it is warmed by the sun and watered by the rain until it grows into a beautiful flower. No

better way has been devised of teaching the story of the resurrection than by illustrating the growth from the time of planting, which is the death of the bulb, and the new life, the stalk, the leaves, and the blossom—more glorious and more beautiful than the old. To see and to hear makes a lasting impression upon the mind and heart of the child, and the tactful teacher can so tell the beautiful story of the resurrection that its influence will be everlasting. As an aid, the synopsis of a lecture accompanies the lily, so arranged that it can be either reduced or enlarged, at the pleasure of the teacher. The price, with a box of glass-headed pins, is 40 cents.

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Yours sincerely,

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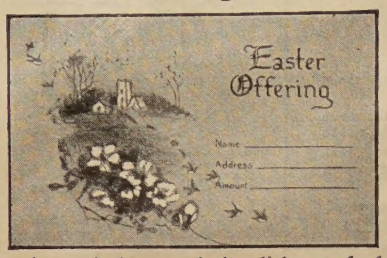

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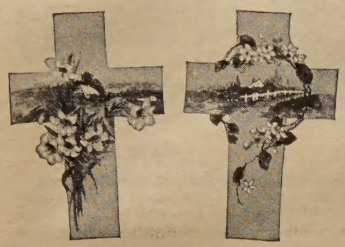

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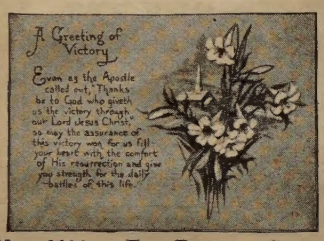
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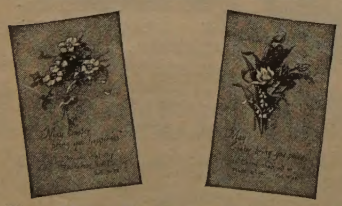

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Current Motion Pictures

Reviewed by Elisabeth Edland

IN the new motion picture, *The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln* (Rockett-Lincoln Company, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City), there are many thrilling moments. In this Lincoln picture the observer knows that he is looking at real life—at history—the greatest historical events ever written into the life story of mankind—and the thrill stays because he is looking at truth. Some of these big moments are: The birth of the future Great Emancipator in the midst of the blizzard; the slave market scene at New Orleans; Lincoln's first sight of Anne Rutledge, afterward his sweetheart; Lincoln's wrestling match with Armstrong; Lincoln's first political speech; Lincoln in the Black Hawk War; the death of Anne Rutledge; Lincoln's meeting with the slaves; the ball at Ninian Edwards' home, where Lincoln met his future wife; the Lincoln-Douglas debate at Ottawa; the Republican Convention at Decatur, Illinois; the nomination of Lincoln; the bombardment of Fort Sumter; Lincoln's farewell to his old home as he leaves for his first inauguration; the arrival of the first troops in Washington in response to President Lincoln's call; the panic in Washington after the first Battle of Bull Run; the battles at night; the last gallant stand of the Confederates at Five Forks; President Lincoln on the battlefield; the surrender of General Lee's army to Grant; the hoisting of Old Glory over Fort Sumter; the scene of rejoicing on Pennsylvania Avenue when peace was proclaimed; President Lincoln's last speech and tribute to the "Women of America"; the plotting of Booth and his confederates; the last meeting of Grant and Lee; the scene of the assassination of President Lincoln at Ford's Theatre; the escape of Booth; the death of President Lincoln.

The Widow's Mite. 1 reel. Exchange, American Motion Picture Corporation, 46 West 24th Street, New York City. Poor widow helps a poor family all she can, and more. Her generosity and fortitude prove an example to a wealthy woman, who is impelled to administer to the needs of the poor family and encourage others to do likewise.

Nature, the Majestic. 1 reel. Exchange, American Motion Picture Corporation. Bible quotations about the majesty of nature illustrated by views of tall trees, surf beating against rocks, the skies, and expanse of water, contrasted with some of the work of man's hands, exemplifying the thoughts, "The Great Giver has given on a mighty scale and in such measure should our worship be," and "Thou hast crowned him with honor and glory."

Children, Here, There and Everywhere. 1 reel. Exchange, American Motion Picture Corporation. Children of all lands awaiting the leadership of a trusted voice.